John Bull, September 25, 1926 Vol. XLIV. No. 1161

# JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

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ARKS

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Address .....

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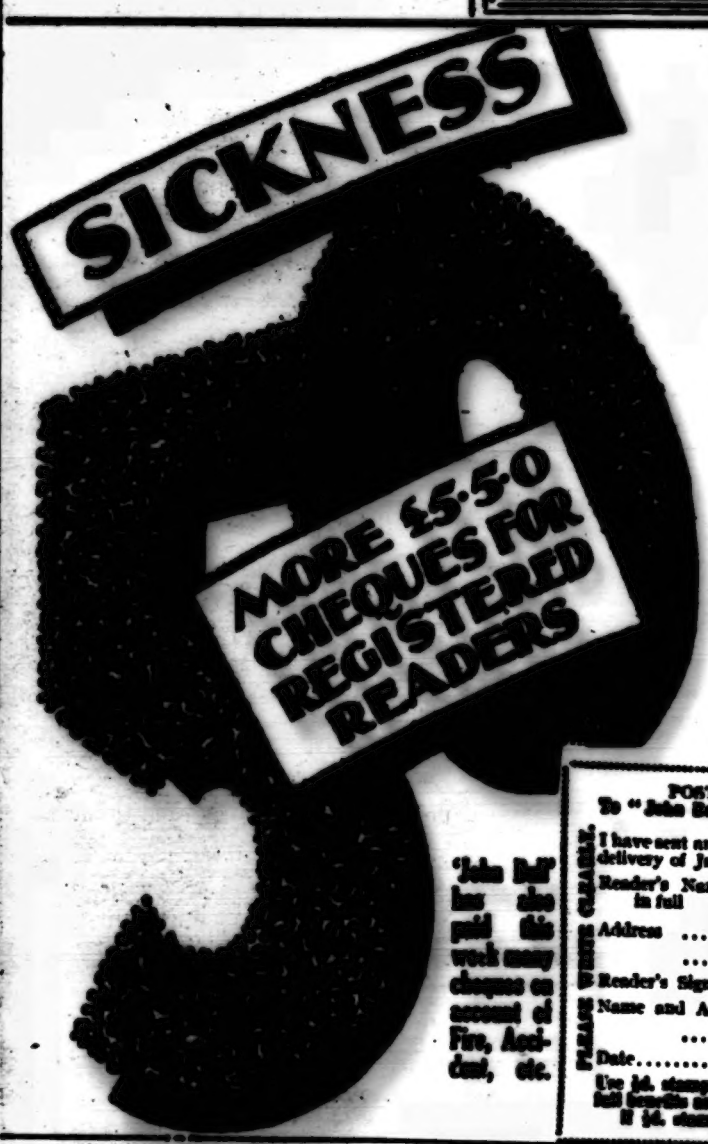


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J.B., 15/9/28.

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BABY'S Unequalled 88-piece Layette, 29/6. Original and best offer. Robes, Gowns, Nighties, Vests, Flannels, Barras, Mat. Coats, Shawls, Jaconets, Napkins, etc., etc. Genuine bargain. First in quality. Send 2/- for 1st. approv. Only address: Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

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BEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Gold, Silver, Scrap, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite), Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash by return. —Bentley & Co., 212, Oxford Street, London.

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## FOR MOTORISTS.

GOOD used Tyres from £1 ea., C.O.D., approval. New Tyres for whly. payments. Inquire, stating size, London Car Co., 88, Theobalds Rd., W.C.1.

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FREE Sample Trial Tube and Trial Stick of GIBBS' SHAVING CREAM! Just send name and address, with 2d. in stamps to cover postage and packing, to D. & W. Gibbs, Ltd., Dept. 3V, London, E.1. See page 16.

HANDSOME Free Book.—Post the coupon on page 3 and receive particulars of a wonderful book which will save you pounds and interest you for ever.

# IT'S ONLY LOGIC, OLD MAN

**Your *wine* is matured. You know, you wouldn't touch a 1927 port if you could possibly help it. We all appreciate a properly aged cheese, a broken-in pipe, a mellow Stradivarius. Yet plenty of fellows smoke a cigarette made from tobacco that was growing a little while back, if you see what I mean.**

**You simply can't get the real flavour out of tobacco until it *has* matured. Try a "Turf" and you'll find it a *mellow* cigarette, simply because the tobacco's aged in the wood and of course, it's *ever* so much better for your health.**

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# JOHN BULL

*For the People—the Right to Justice and Truth.*

*The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.*

## WITHOUT FEAR or FAVOUR

**How Pathetic!**

M.P.s on all sides are cutting holidays short and wending homewards in view of the General Election. A threatened loss of seats can induce more activity than pressing problems!

**Austen's Office.**

It is idle to conceal the fact that Sir Austen Chamberlain's illness threatens the biggest Cabinet changes of the present Ministry.

**The Dilemma.**

Sir Austen's prestige as a European peace-maker has faded lamentably since Locarno, yet it is hard to find a successor who would not be a mere figure-head.

**Too Perilous.**

The Foreign Office going as it pleases without a strong Parliamentary controller is a thing no Party can contemplate without dismay. M.P.s must keep a sharp look-out.

**Where Is He?**

The Foreign Secretary this country needs is a powerful personality, a resolute, skilful and far-sighted leader, bent on organising the world for peace.

**New Men for Old.**

Bridgeman's decision to "make room for younger men" at the end of this Parliament begins an inevitable clearing of the Conservative quarter-deck. And it can't be done without "ructions"!

**To Make or Mar.**

Nine months hence 25,000,000 electors—over a fifth of whom have never yet voted—will have to decide how this country is going to be governed. We simply cannot afford another five years of muddle and indecision.

**Wary Customers.**

Yarmouth will ill inspire the Conservative and Liberal Party conferences, or Birmingham the Labour conference, if they set out to lure the electors either with "red herrings" or with "Brummagem" gewgaws. Sound goods are to-day's best sellers.

**History Repeats.**

In the Corn Laws days wheat-ricks were burned by labourers hungering for bread. Now windows have been smashed of council houses in Yorkshire that lie empty because miners can't pay the rents. Low wages—high prices—blind anger!

**Imperative.**

Now that thirty-nine nations have signified adherence to the Peace Pact, a Disarmament Conference must be the next step. And this time it must mean business.

**Forecast.**

Sir Charles Trevelyan, M.P., says that the British "reservations" to the Peace Pact are not accepted as a final national interpretation. He is right. The people weren't asked.

**Steady Aims.**

The Trades Union Congress was not to be shaken by violence nor intimidated by noise. Nevertheless, that "searching enquiry into the action of disruptive elements" was a good order. It's needed.

**Pitiable.**

It is deplorable that any section of workers should cling to thoughts of progression through chaos. Any man who didn't see that bubble burst in the war must have his eyes where his brains aren't.

**Temporary, but ——**

Unemployment hangs like a pall over all the deliberations of Labour. While road work waits that would at once absorb 200,000 miners, it is wicked.

**Our Contention.**

No one deems such work more than a palliative, but it is one that would restore manliness to the situation. In addition, the country would get value for money spent.

**Many Waters.**

Electric power for half England at a farthing a unit could be supplied if the Wash were harnessed. They do such things in other countries, so why not in ours?

**Steam Ahead.**

A twelve-mile dam from Skegness to Hunstanton would not only divide the enclosed waters but give a new road saving a seventy-mile journey round the coast. It passes belief that the unemployed are not set to work on it at once.

**Midland Manners.**

Birmingham, in addition to a large tuberculosis clinic, has four sanatoria with over 600 beds, besides subsidising 120 in institutions not municipal. As a reward, Birmingham has the lowest general death-rate of all the nine great cities.

**National Debility.**

Of 11,501 applications to join the City of London Police in 1927, 4,000 withdrew and of the remainder only 118 were "found fit." Comment is needless; the damning fact shrieks aloud.

**In Memoriam.**

Ten years after the war forty-two naval officers and men have been buried, as they died, in one grave, at Haslar. Who, thinking of the desolation represented, will not work with all his soul for no more war?

**Golden Drops.**

Apples bought wholesale at 1½d. a pound reach customers at 6d. and 8d. a pound. It's no wonder that selling fruit is becoming a popular trade.

* * * *

**50 more cheques of £5 5s. each paid to registered readers under "John Bull's" Great Free Insurance Gift.** **(See page 2.)**

**Freightage.**

Profiteers who urge the cost of van delivery as prohibitive talk with tongue in cheek. A penny lettuce travelling three miles at a cost of 1s. 6d. doesn't have the whole seating accommodation to itself!

**We'd Like to See It.**

Meanwhile, where's the penny lettuce? Any worth eating are still 2d. to 3d. each in shops. Even a dish of salad is becoming a luxury.

**Towards Sanity.**

Switzerland is now determined to prevent persons suffering from mental disease passing on insanity to new generations. World-wide legislation is needed on this subject.

**Momentous Issue.**

How many wars in the past have been due to streaks of insanity in rulers can never be known. How many and how much misery due to the same cause can be prevented in the future lies in the hands of the present.

**Wisdom for Choice.**

The half-hour talks arranged by the Bristol Municipality to be given to children in its public libraries is a move in the right direction. Guidance in reading given to youth prevents wrong turnings by adults later on.

**Selfishness.**

Dairymen are determined to maintain their "high margin" of profit, and a hold-up of milk in October is threatened. The mere suggestion shows a shameful lack of the spirit of service.

**They Object.**

As a result of the Government dumping of T.N.T. high explosive in the Thames estuary, Whitstable oysters are "scarce." Even shell-fish don't like the treatment once designed for men!

**Pernicious Practices.**

The Ministry of Health's report on recent findings of public analysts makes nasty reading. Plenty of men willing "to poison the public for a penny" exist in our midst.

**Remedy.**

It is not enough to fine those who put arsenic in toffee, fruit and baking-powder, splinters of glass, lead and copper in tinned and bottled foods. Sending offenders to prison is the only way.

**Pleasant News.**

If the price of gas in Reading can be reduced by 1d. a therm with a consequent saving to consumers of £26,000 annually, why not in other towns? The time is ripe for a real move to bring war-time prices down.

**Spade in Hand.**

One allotment-holder estimates that since early June his garden has been worth 10s. weekly to him. Give the people access to the land and they'll soon settle their own food problem. In fact, there won't be any problem.

## WITHOUT FEAR or FAVOUR

**Too Thin.**

With two previous convictions, James Pratt, of Norwich, is in luck to get away with a £3 15s. fine, including costs, for selling milk 24 per cent. deficient in fat. If we had been on the bench he would have gone straight off to jail.

**Fit for None.**

A 7 ft. square hut, with neither door, water supply nor sanitary accommodation, is truly termed not worth ten shillings or fit for habitation. But the fact that it *is* inhabited should incite the Wokingham Council to deeds as well as words.

**A Warning.**

One of a couple of Barnsley's unemployed young men, on being sent to jail for theft, declared, "I shall be here again if I can't get a job when I come out"—which is both a warning and a call. Election promises of work must be redeemed.

**Food Poison.**

Arthur Fuller, aged eight, of Chelsea, died from eating infected meat. The coroner's opinion that the country's meat is far too much exposed to flies and germs has long been ours. Why does the Home Office not ban the open butcher's shop and basket?

**At Last!**

The climax of fifteen years' pressure from the Health Ministry is the purchase by the Cardigan Guardians of a £2,400 house for a children's home. Though tardy, it is not too late to be thankful for the passing of the last Welsh workhouse to contain kiddies.

**Too Much Play.**

"I'm tired of nuffin' but play" is the wail of one of the twelve hundred children on the new housing estate at Barnes, for whom a school is, after nearly a year, still only on paper. What are the education authorities about to allow so disastrous an omission?

**Motoring Madness.**

Since New Year's Day, 1927, Mr. S. Brighouse, the South-west Lancashire coroner, has held inquests on 119 accidents due to motor vehicles. Certainly we share his indignation that, whether blind, deaf or dumb, anyone with 5s. at the age of seventeen can get a driving licence.

**Deathly Dust.**

Acute pneumonia, to which silicosis due to drilling and blasting through hard sandstone at the St. John's Colliery, Maesteg, was a contributing factor, caused the death of David Isaac, a drifter. We owe it to workers both to schedule silicosis as an industrial disease and to take steps for its prevention.

**Tired Out.**

When a motor-van driver was summoned at Willesden for negligent driving, he explained that he was tired out after fourteen hours' continuous work. We agree with the magistrate that moral responsibility rests with such callous employers. They should, in addition, be made to pay any fines imposed.

**Silly Sentiment.**

With untold national work overdue, the correspondence between the Home Secretary and the Crompton District Council regarding retention in the town hall of two German rifles is a sickening waste of time. As relics of a tragedy neither to be repeated nor perpetuated, they should without question have been scrapped.

**Not Finished.**

To Manchester's fine public memorials has been added a simple tablet—a tribute to the City Corporation for having built ten thousand homes for people in urgent need. To Manchester we say, "Well done!" But it must carry on the good work, in view of the countless families in hovels that discredit the reality of Christianity.

**Work in Plenty.**

The Ministry of Labour finds that demands for nursemaids are well in excess of supply. That's a pity. Caring for children is woman's work, but it must be trained care. The Ministry itself, in its "Guide to Employment," sets a standard. What is it doing to help girls to reach it?

**Pot-shot.**

Cowardly though it may have been for John Cox, a Yarmouth lad, to have shot at a little fellow of seven and a half with an air-gun "to scare him away," it is even more dastardly that these dangerous weapons are so easily obtainable. The Home Office regulations badly need stiffening.

**Faulty Figures.**

For the first time since June 11 the Ministry of Labour bravely announces that there is a decrease in the unemployment figures. On August 20 there were 6,000 less unemployed than the week before, but this figure is greater by 263,845 than it was in the corresponding week last year. So what is there to crow about?

**Justices' Justice.**

The Norwich magistrates have done rightly by Ivan Vincent Hibbert, a first offender. Between their binding him over for two years under supervision for stealing a customer's purse, and ordering repayment, when he is in regular work, of the 23s. he spent of the £5 10s. contents, there is every chance of his future career being on the upgrade.

*The Human Machine*

## *The* GUINEA *STAMP*

by *E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.*

A MAN is what he does—not what he says he is. "What you are shouts so loud that I cannot hear what you say you are," said Emerson to a boaster.

We all know people like that; we have all met people who "protest too much."

If a man came along shouting that he was honest and protesting that he never did anything wrong, I should make very sure that my money was locked up!

People who are really honest don't need to tell the world about it. They behave honestly and leave the world to draw its own conclusions.

The man who protests too much only succeeds in arousing distrust. It is what he is that counts, not what he says he is.

One of the most priceless assets in life is sincerity. If a man is not sincere he is nothing. Sincerity is the golden coin of life. It is coin that is exchangeable anywhere at any time.

Nothing is given for nothing in this world. If you want respect and trust, you must give sincerity in exchange. If you want people to believe in you, you must give the character that makes you worth believing in.

THERE is only one way to form character—to do always that which you believe to be right and to refuse always to do that which you believe to be wrong.

Your conscience is your only real guide. If you obey it, you will not go far astray.

A man whose conscience is his daily guide is a man who is ruling his life by a policy.

He will be respected because he will not be subject to every wind that blows. He will be a man of firm purpose; he will do the things in which he really believes.

Sincerity is really nothing more than conscience—but it is the whole of a man's worth.

**It Can Be Done.**

The continued demolition of slums in Sunderland and the present proposal of the local Health Committee to build at once seventy-eight cleared flats to re-house the dispossessed shows the urgency that can be given to betterment by public opinion. Sunderland's improvement is all the result of public agitation got up by a few zealous citizens.

**Blighted Youth.**

What are the Cleethorpes magistrates about to send Frank Lucas, aged nineteen, to a month's hard labour for indulging his practice of taking cars from garages and stealing petrol? Surely they can do better than run counter to the Home Secretary's command not to expose youths under twenty-one to the evils of a short jail sentence.

**Wicked Employers.**

While breathing more freely, knowing that the lad who lost four fingers in getting entangled with an unfenced cutter of a milling machine is recovering and soon resuming work, Harrison, McGregor & Co., agricultural engineers, Leigh, had better get on with protective measures. Even a £5 fine cannot bring back power to a disabled limb.

**"Star" Stunts.**

We congratulate the Variety Artistes' Federation on its protest against the "stunting" of Miss Irene Savidge as a music-hall star. Why the unenviable notoriety into which circumstances brought her should have been supposed miraculously to have transformed her into a histrionic genius is beyond comprehension. This kind of thing should be left to waxwork exhibitors.

**Road to Health.**

Mr. M. E. Morris, retiring chairman of the North Wales District of the Sanitary Inspectors' Association, spoke simple truth when he claimed for the Jewish race good health due to strict adherence to hygienic traditions, and common-sense in insisting that such teaching should form a part of all school curricula. Neglect of it in this day of enlightenment is simply disgusting.

**Smoke Peril.**

The conclusions of the thousand health experts who met at Leicester on September 3, at the annual conference of the Sanitary Inspectors' Association, must be taken to heart by local authorities. There are provisions now made for abating smoke nuisances, and in view of the terrible toll taken of human life by atmospheric pollution, it is time more of them were enforced.

**Too Stiff.**

Five pounds was too heavy a fine for Mr. Samuel Pope, at the North London Police Court, to impose on Leonard Harper for falsely asserting, when applying for a post as potman at the Howard Arms, that he had worked at another public-house. He hesitated to give his address as Hackney Workhouse, where he had been from a boy, a fact that should have been considered when he was genuinely trying for work.

**Time, Gentlemen!**

Looking very distressed, Mrs. Lyons left the Bow County Court after being refused an extension of time when ordered to leave her present address. Eight children and father and mother all living in one room was the complaint on which Isaac Solomons, of Birkbeck Road, Dalston, got his order for possession. Mrs. Lyons has to go, but where? What really wants altering is the time taken to build new homes for the poor.

**Magnificent Move.**

Far too few people know of and are interested in the International School at Geneva, now entering its fifth year. Boys and girls of seventeen nations are learning different languages, world history, and a broad outlook on life, and most are destined for the professions. With the League of Nations as a background, it is the sort of education that will transform the world of men one day, for these are learning to be leaders.

**Father's Quandary.**

Pity the North Lopham father, whose wife has left him with nine children whom the guardians will not take, and now sees his son of twelve ordered to be birched for stealing a £1 note. No wonder he declares he and the kiddies will go to the workhouse. It is no compliment to our social machinery if this disaster is not stopped.

**Someone to Blame.**

Nothing could exceed the pluck of two mites, Marion Gilham, aged eight, and Pearl Cox, aged five, who lost her life, in attempting to save Cecil Cox, aged three, who was drowned in the river Yeo at Bradford Abbas. That the children were trespassing takes nothing from the carelessness that leaves a dangerous spot unprotected.

**No Cure.**

Claiming to have 500 sweethearts, Robinson Pretherick or Robert Briggs—is a rascally painter and decorator, of Sheffield. Advertising for a housekeeper, the police say he has preyed on lonely widows who believed his fairy stories, and to one at Lincoln sent an indecent article by post. Pretherick is suffering from a mental kink that a £10 fine won't cure.

**Apples and Asses.**

William Cullis and Edgar Williams, workingmen both, helped themselves to two apples apiece from an orchard whilst on a day's outing. Each was fined £2, in addition to 8s. 9d. costs, by the Raglan Bench, in addition to losing a day's work. To mulct men of unsullied character, one of whom has a wife and five children, in so heavy a sum for so trivial an offence is downright imbecility.

**Dreadful Start.**

An amazing criminal career that began when he was ten was ascribed to John Andrew Gallagher, who at twenty-eight has thirty-nine convictions to his discredit, and at Gateshead has once more been sentenced to three months. Such a record gives a good handle to those who, from the Home Secretary downwards, are determined to keep youth out of prison.

**Kiddies' Day.**

We like the "Children's Day" recently held all through the Balkans, when meetings were called to draw attention to the needs of the child, and thousands of children marched through every street with banners. Prizes given to mothers trying to care for their children in the most modern and scientific way completed a demonstration that might well be copied throughout Europe.

**"Sport"!**

A "Great Hen Race," organised by a Sheffield church, added no lustre to the religion which teaches kindness and love. A hen was liberated from a basket and after a number of women had rushed it hither and thither in an effort to capture it the terrified creature was finally dragged through a bush, had its neck wrung, and was handed to the winner. Comment on the "womanly grace" of the proceedings is unnecessary.

**Are We Civilised?**

A large crowd of holiday-makers watched while a stag, roused in Headon Plantation, pressed by hounds and hunters, made a desperate leap down high cliffs to the seashore, ran in and out of caves, back inland, and finally into the gloomy ravine of Grixey Combe, where huntsmen climbed on foot to the kill. While cruelty and blood enhance the thrill of holidays, civilisation can only claim to be a very thin veneer.

**Done In.**

Declaring that he had tramped England and Scotland seeking work, was tired of dirty clothes, "fed up," and cared nothing for what happened to him, Francis Cole, emulating an age-old form of despair, literally "rent his garments" in the Kentish Town casual ward, and was sent to fourteen days' jail. We have nothing but contempt for a social system that consigns a youth of twenty to either workhouse or prison instead of finding him an honest job.

**Profitable Hymn-Singing.**

Singing hymns in Glasgow's streets, Richard Harvey has been receiving alms from many who could ill spare it, although he was passing rich. Whilst he had more than £50 in his pockets, they thought he was almost starving. Preying on the charitable must be made unprofitable. Harvey must work—either outside or inside jail.

**Mean Theft.**

Mrs. Gertrude Dunn, of 115, Luton Road, Chatham, a poor widow with three young children, got on top of a 'bus at Charing Cross for Highgate. A suit-case containing clothing and her husband's death certificate was stolen from the conductor's platform, and this forlorn little family now has no change of clothes. If the thief reads this paragraph and has a spark of decency left in him, we hope he will send the stolen property to the address given above.

**Continental Cops' Coup.**

In our issue for January 1 we published a full exposure of an amazing international rogue named Stephane Otto, who had baffled our passport authorities and police on more than one occasion when operating as a bogus diplomat and highly placed Belgian officer. Now comes news to the effect that Otto has been apprehended at Sarreguemines for alleged fraud. At the time of his arrest he was sporting a Belgian uniform and medals. Continental cops have made a fine coup.

**Blackpool Ballot Echo.**

At the time when we last criticised the ballot schemes of Mr. Harold Moss, of Blackpool, he had just been convicted under the Lottery Act in connection with the Popular Dog Ballot. He was making much of the fact that he intended to appeal against that conviction, but that did not deter us from making our outspoken comments. Now our readers will share our satisfaction that his impudent appeal has been dismissed by the Court of Quarter Sessions at Preston.

**Bray's Bray.**

Messrs. R. T. Bray and Son, of Connor Downs, Hayle, Cornwall, describe themselves as "advertising agents and mail order specialists." They have a "home clerical scheme" that they are anxious to place before job-seekers, but applicants must first send 3s. 6d. "as a kind of guarantee fidelity bond." Messrs. R. T. Bray and Son do not favour a typewriter and their correspondence is penned on odd sheets of notepaper. It looks as if the guarantee should come from the firm and not from the workers.

**Too Much Speculation.**

Under the heading "Shares," a Mr. Dawson, of Bushbury, Wolverhampton, advertises that £2 will secure a share in a "speculation producing large profits." Applicants find that Mr. Dawson is a self-styled "stable commissioner" who invites participation in certain racing transactions on the understanding that shareholders "in the remaining operations of 1928 are guaranteed against loss." Two £2 investors have just written to complain that they have lost every penny and that they do not feel like participating in "the remaining operations." We do not blame them.

**Pension Scandal.**

Mr. A. Johnston, of Shettleston, Glasgow, being convinced that the length of the stump of his left arm entitled him to an increased rate of pension, wrote to our Pensions Department, and we at once communicated with the Ministry of Pensions regarding his case. As a result, his pension has now been increased from 50 per cent. to 60 per cent., and arrears amounting to £93 16s. have been granted with effect from September 3, 1919. But for our intervention, this sum would never have been paid, and Mr. Johnston would also have been robbed of £10 8s. per annum for the rest of his life. It is scandalous.

* * * *

**£300 heads a novel list of twenty-three big cash prizes in "Bullets" this week. Page 39 opens the door to fortune. Walk in!**

*Problems of Life*

*The*

# SPIRIT *of* STRIFE

**by *the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.***

IN the summer of 1921 I went out to the Pacific coast at the invitation of the Bishop of California to fulfil a series of preaching engagements, wherein my time was to be divided between Episcopal and Congregational churches.

*Dr. R. J. Campbell*

An arrangement of this kind would seem strange in England, but excited no adverse comment over there. It was an example of the now growing tendency to break down the barriers that shut one body of Christians from understanding or mingling with another.

But I soon learned that it did not operate in everything.

I was asked to address a public meeting in San Francisco and answer questions on matters affecting Anglo-American relations.

This I consented to do, but the very first question put to me showed the presence of a strong and unscrupulous anti-British element.

It ran thus: "Will the visitor explain how England managed to keep her own men at home during the war and send Irishmen, Scotsmen, Welshmen, Canadians and Australians to fight her battles for her?"

THE wicked audacity of the question deprived me of speech for a moment or two. Then I rose and gave the facts, concluding with the statement that of those who fought and fell under the British flag in the war more than 80 per cent. were Englishmen.

A white-haired old senator then stood up and said that the question was mere propaganda by a party working to keep England and America from joining hands in the cause of world peace.

It seems incredible that such a spirit could exist, but it still does, as is shown by the endeavour to kill Mr. Kellogg's proposal for outlawing war.

That England should whole-heartedly accept this is the last thing that our ill-wishers want. We should be wise to disappoint them.

Party spirit is doing evil things at home. It is threatening the success of the Mond conferences for the promotion of industrial peace. Note the Thomas and Cook feud.

It divides families, sunders friendships, fosters suspicion and prejudice, destroys mutual trust and confidence between one set of people and another in small things as in great.

HOW queer it is that as members of a community we willingly do evil things that as individuals we would scorn to do. It is the bad side of a good quality and needs careful watching, for we are all prone to it.

We gratify spite, envy and greed under such fine names as patriotism, loyalty and love of home and friends.

Never let fidelity to your own render you unjust to others.

# A BRAZEN WOMAN of TITLE

## Countess Counted Out

### HER EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPADES

*Supt. W. Brown, a distinguished member of the "Big Five" at Scotland Yard, where enquiries should be made into this woman's activities*

PERMIT us to introduce you to a very interesting feminine personality in society. If you have not heard of her you will find the introduction of value—not because you will want to meet her, but because you will have the wisdom to leave that doubtful privilege for others!

She is known to her wide circle of friends as the Countess Anna du Barry; but, notwithstanding her romantic title, we fear that she is not very much like a countess in her ways.

Many unfortunate tradespeople who have at first felt honoured by her patronage have subsequently decided that it is better for business to deal with people of lesser but more honourable station!

The Countess occupies a flat in the neighbourhood of Baker Street, and mixes freely in both the high and low haunts of London's night life.

When not pursuing pleasure in that manner she is busily entertaining friends at her flat, which is often a scene of much excitement and merrymaking.

To all outward appearances she is a lady of means, being always exquisitely gowned in a manner which shows off her shortish figure to the best possible advantage.

But she has a weakness for the indiscriminate use of powder, paint and perfume, while great masses of peroxided hair are coiled about her ears.

#### *Need for caution*

A few months ago she made the acquaintance of a lady *modiste* whose premises were situate in the same block as her own flat. She ordered an article of lingerie, for which she paid cash and later placed a more extensive order.

In the meantime, however, the *modiste* had heard one or two things about the Countess, and, fearing that there was reason to doubt her scruples in financial matters, decided to proceed with caution.

The Countess, after selecting the goods, wanted them sent up to her flat for fitting and approval, but the *modiste* demurred and said that it would be more satisfactory if her ladyship could try on the articles in the shop.

This, however, the Countess refused to consider, and she finally prevailed and was allowed to take the selected goods away on the understanding that her maid would return almost immediately with them if unsatisfactory or with cash in settlement.

#### *Undesirable customer*

The *modiste* awaited the maid's arrival in vain, and then called to demand the money or the return of her goods. She got neither, and the promises which the Countess made through her maid were very soon broken.

Eventually the *modiste* had to go to her lawyers, who gave the Countess a few weeks' grace in which to settle the debt. The Countess retaliated by ignoring the solicitors' letter completely!

Finally, a summons was issued in the Bloomsbury County Court, but although a bailiff made several visits to the flat he could never find the Countess in! So the summons could only be left with the maid to be handed to her mistress at the first opportunity.

Shortly after the goods had been taken, however, the *modiste* realised that the Countess was a very undesirable customer in more ways than one.

#### *Fruitful threat*

And, as her premises were directly below those of the Countess, she soon found herself put to endless annoyance by people anxiously enquiring for the Countess.

Several tradespeople called, in fact, with sorry stories of unpaid bills and the impossibility of finding the Countess at home!

One caller actually laboured under the misapprehension that the *modiste* was the Countess and became almost abusive. It was only with the greatest difficulty that he could be convinced of his mistake and prevailed upon to apologise!

Another caller was a poor dressmaker from Hampstead, who constantly journeyed to the Countess' flat in the hope of obtaining money that was due to her, but who was never able to get beyond the maid.

This poor dupe actually shed tears over the fact that, apart from her original loss, she had spent a considerable sum in fares, etc., on fruitless journeys.

The local milkman, who was also amongst the creditors, fared a little better in so far as he was successful in obtaining an interview with the Countess on one occasion.

He told her plainly that if his account were not settled forthwith he would apply for a summons in the county court and lodge a full statement with the police as well. This had the desired effect and he got his money.

One of her other creditors received a very extraordinary letter some time ago. It emanated from a maid employed by her and had obviously been sent as a warning. It speaks for itself.

"This is to tell you," it ran, "that Mme. du Barry wants your builder to do some work for her, but she owes everybody and never pays, so the man would not get his money. She lives a terrible life and I have to put up with a lot."

#### *Unenviable notoriety*

Apart from her financial lapses, the Countess has achieved a lot of unenviable notoriety amongst the local tradespeople and residents over the constant stream of male and female visitors who arrive at and leave her flat at all hours, so much so, in fact, that a petition on their behalf was recently sent to the police.

So far as this country is concerned, the Countess is not recognised in titled circles, and all the official reference books of social rank and prestige are silent about her antecedents.

With police records, however, such is not the case, as several complaints have been lodged with them from time to time regarding her undesirable activities.

One of her dupes lives in Dorsetshire, and is a woman who makes her living by breeding pedigree dogs. One of her advertisements was answered by the Countess, who gave instructions for a nice spaniel to be despatched to her.

#### *Time to move*

This was duly done, which concluded the transaction so far as the dog-breeder was concerned. A complaint was lodged with the Chief Constable of Dorset, but the Countess never paid up.

Before she established herself in her present quarters the Countess resided in a flat near St. Martin's Lane, W.C., and during her tenancy there several complaints were made to the landlord by tradespeople to whom she owed money.

Finally, the landlord himself found it necessary to complain about her operations, and requested her to leave.

Eventually she made her departure from this particular flat, and although she owed a considerable sum in rent, the landlord was not sorry to see the last of her.

Surely the undesirable activities of this brazen "Countess" call for official investigation, and now that we have turned the limelight upon her perhaps the authorities will move.

# World-wide WONDERS!

## Mass Produced Mascots

THIS is an age of mass-production methods, and an Indian concern known as Messrs. G. C. Sircar and Co. has applied these methods to mascot-making in a manner which must surely be without parallel.

It is out to exploit the talisman "Sarvavijaya Kavacha," and from its yellow prospectus we learn that the company boasts a head office at 213, Dasaswamedh Road, Benares City, with a post-box at Calcutta and "talisman works" at Deoghur.

Sarvavijaya Kavacha is young as mascots go, for we learn that it was "invented" by Mr. G. C. Sircar in 1910; but we have the assurance of the prospectus that its powers are "world renowned."

The price is 2s. 6d., but one talisman is given free to "the purchasers of three at a time," so it seems that mass sales are studied as well as mass-production!

#### *Perpetual youth*

It destroys all dangers and difficulties, we are told. It eradicates all sorts of poisons and bestows victory at all times, and those who wear it will "learn what it is."

It ensures immunity from disease and success in every act. It increases the "beauty, lustre, glow and charmingness of the body hundredfolds both of men and women, boys and girls."

It bestows perpetual youth and "prevents untimely death and early decrepitude," at the same time acting as the greatest charm against all "spirits, ghosts, constellations, etc."

In short, we are assured that: "As lightning conductor saves all buildings, churches, temples and big places from the thunder, so does this *Kavacha* save a man or woman from all evil effects, due to diseases or circumstances."

If you would secure a "beautiful and suspicionless wife," leave it to *Kavacha*; if you desire success at horse-racing, leave it to *Kavacha*; if you would carry all before you in "litigations and examinations," leave it to *Kavacha*!

#### *Wonderful results*

By its use all women "will be out of suspicion, sweet voiced and sweet tempered, blessed with handsome children, the glory of all household, making all happy, healthy and wealthy."

In support of all this, there are pages of testimonials from people who profess to have benefited immensely from the use of the talisman.

"I have passed the B.A. degree examination after wearing your wonderful talisman," writes one. "I have been suffering from writer's cramp.... Thanks to your *Kavacha* I have now been completely cured," is the verdict of another.

All this may go down very well in India, but we do not think that Mr. Sircar's 18-page pamphlet will create a very big impression in this country.

# ROGUE *who* THINKS *in* MILLIONS

## JORDON: *Deep and Wide*

## Confidence Trickster to Catch

THERE are many familiar forms in which the evergreen confidence trick can be successfully worked nowadays, but the methods practised by an individual named Henry Jordon are embellished by certain original touches which have proved the undoing of garage-keepers and hotel proprietors in all parts of the country.

Jordon is a man with a millionaire's mind. The most select hotels, the restaurants with the highest reputation, the twenty-guinea tailor and the Rolls-Royce car are inseparable from his daily life.

A tasteful gold chain spans his faultless waistcoat; a gold tooth shows not too obtrusively when his pleasant features break into one of his disarming smiles; intensely blue eyes twinkle innocently behind rimless glasses.

*Empty pockets*

Beneath this external cloak of seeming affluence and breeding, Jordon is really one of the biggest credit swindlers "on the road," and can easily claim to be the most successful "luxury adventurer" in operation at the present time.

Recently he drove up to a big hotel in Derby and engaged a room for an indefinite period. He settled down in his new surroundings as to the manner born. He selected his foods and wines with discrimination, but with little regard for the fast-mounting bill.

It was not long before he had earned the profound respect of the management and staff.

Though no one guessed it, his pockets were practically empty, and he had neither hope nor intention of settling his account.

When the day of his departure dawned, Jordon was quite unperturbed, as he had planned a most ingenious exit.

*Selecting a car*

Driving in a taxi to the local Rolls-Royce agent, he asked for the manager and explained that he was anxious to purchase a car.

Very respectfully he was shown round the premises and he spent a considerable time in examining the various models in stock.

Finally, with a well-feigned air of disappointment, he announced that he could see nothing quite suitable for his present requirements, and asked the manager if he could offer any helpful suggestion.

The latter could only advise him to pay a visit to the London headquarters of the company.

There he would be able to view every type of car manufactured by the company, and could even see plans and specifications of models that could be specially constructed for him if he so desired.

Mr. Jordon was full of enthusiasm, but did not betray the fact that his sole desire was to get away from his hotel without arousing suspicion.

He therefore asked the agent for some further advice. Could he hire a car to take him to London? Perhaps the agent could recommend some local firm that would place a car at his disposal?

Anxious to secure the custom of this distinguished personality, the agent drove Mr. Jordon to a local firm in his own car, and details of the trip to town were fixed up.

Then Mr. Jordon intimated that he would defer his departure until the following day and arranged for his driver to be accommodated at his own hotel so that a punctual start could be made in the morning.

The trip to town was commenced at scheduled time, and as the hotel authorities fully expected that Mr. Jordon would return in the evening, no suspicions were aroused.

In due course Mr. Henry Jordon alighted at the Mayfair offices of the company, made a leisurely inspection of the showrooms and selected a model to suit his taste.

He would call again in person on the following day, he declared, and meanwhile he would instruct his solicitors to complete the purchase on his behalf.

*Many coups*

Having solved the problem of making a graceful exit from Derby, Jordon was now faced with that of shaking off the driver of his hired car. He therefore instructed the latter to drive him to a fashionable London hotel, where he engaged a room for the night.

Then he told the driver to make his own arrangements for the night and instructed him to pick him up on the following morning.

The driver kept the appointment to the minute; the dashing Mr. Jordon never turned up at all. Enquiries at the London hotel revealed the fact that he had slept soundly, breakfasted heartily, and had then decamped without paying the bill.

This, as we have already hinted, is only one of many coups. With slight modification he has been practising this form of fraud all over the country, using the names of Bernard Morris, James Henry Gordon, Gardener, Hill and Preston.

To one dupe he gave his "permanent address" as being in Swansea. Enquiries proved that he had certainly been there, but, following his usual practice, had decamped suddenly without meeting his financial obligations.

We trust that this exposure will ensure a fairly permanent address in one of His Majesty's jails, to which he will be conveyed in a "Black Maria" instead of a Rolls-Royce, and where he will be unable to play havoc with the wine list.

*Sir Edward Manville, President of the Motor Traders' Association*

# *The* BROTHERS COUSINS turn *to* UNCLES

## *RAG-and-BONE* ROGUERY

SOMETHING has gone wrong in Essex. Three familiar faces, known throughout a large area of that county, have suddenly lost their sunny smiles.

The transformed features belong to three brothers, though they boast the name of Cousins.

There is Frederick James Cousins, Richard Sydney Cousins, Robert George Cousins—"and Uncle Tom Cobley and all . . ."—but it will not do to jest on a matter which, for some people at any rate, is very serious indeed.

*Family traditions*

The brotherly Cousins were in partnership together as F. and R. Cousins and Co., in which style they carried on quite a progressive business for a time as rag-and-bone men.

Their head offices were situate at 4, London Road, Romford, but their carts, wheelbarrows and a motor-lorry traversed the near-by towns and hamlets in search of the toil-worn goods in which they dealt.

Originally, Frederick James and Richard Sydney carried on without Robert George; but their father, who had been a rag-and-bone factor for years, decided that young Robert George should carry on family traditions when he himself retired.

*Lying tales*

So he called the elder brothers before him, handed over his two horses and carts, and gave them £20 in cash on the understanding that Robert George should be taken into equal partnership with them.

The trio started off blithely, but trade did not prosper.

A lorry obtained on the hire-purchase system only added to their liabilities yet the three brothers went drawing recklessly upon the lowered resources of the business as if nothing was amiss.

Then they resorted to money-lenders, but only added to their burdens. They stubbornly refused to close down an insolvent business, and followed instead a policy that could only hasten disaster.

They went to tradespeople and publicans to whom they were known and recounted lying stories of business prosperity.

Their usual trick would be to drop in upon an acquaintance during their business round and speak of a big deal they were unable to complete for want of a little additional ready money. If they left it until they got home it would be too late.

*Handstomouth methods*

The advances obtained in this way would be utilised to purchase certain goods, and the brothers would rely upon making a quick sale to enable them to meet their cheques when they were presented.

In the earlier cases this ingenious hand-to-mouth trick succeeded, but it could not be carried on indefinitely, and soon it became necessary to sell goods at a loss to get ready money at short notice.

The result is that to-day there are at least twenty tradespeople in Essex who, induced to cash cheques for the brotherly Cousins, have only the dishonoured cheques to ponder upon.

*Damning admission*

Their losses, in the aggregate, run into many hundreds of pounds, which gives some idea of the recklessness of these rag-and-bone tricksters.

That the brothers knew full well that they could not meet the majority of these cheques is shown by the admission of Frederick James, who appeared recently in the Chelmsford Bankruptcy Court.

He stated that though there was no money in the bank, he "thought" business "might" improve.

Many people feel that some official action should be taken in this case, and in view of the wholesale manner in which the worthless cheques were distributed, and the fact that there are also trade creditors, we are inclined to share that view.

# *Astounding* SLAUGHTER-HOUSE *MYSTERY*

## *Council's Sinister Silence*

THE other day, at a meeting of the Kingston Town Council, mention was made of a "proposed prosecution," the nature of which was not indicated.

It was suggested that the matter in question was one that should have appeared in the printed minutes and so brought to the notice of all members of the council—"especially in view of the fact that the Health Committee had met that night and had rescinded its previous decision."

It is said that councillors exchanged glances in silence at these words, and that after a short pause the normal business proceeded.

Thus, so far as the Kingston Council is concerned, the public is being left in the dark on some question which, from the facts reported above, clearly affects its health.

Can this be regarded as satisfactory? We think not. It is creating an alarming precedent. If one council can dispose of vital public matters in vague innuendoes and meaning silences, the example may soon be followed by others.

### *Adverse report*

We have consequently taken it upon ourselves to carry out a few investigations.

As a result, we feel it our duty to make the whole circumstances public, and readers can then judge for themselves whether the matter is one which should be hushed up or not.

The "proposed prosecution" arose, it appears, out of a disquieting report made by the sanitary inspector for the Kingston Council after he had carried out an inspection of a slaughter-house at the rear of a local butcher's shop.

According to this report, the inspector was troubled by the fact that there was no provision to keep flies or other vermin from the carcases awaiting his inspection.

And, apart from this, he expressed the opinion that the general condition of the premises was very unsatisfactory.

It was decided, on the advice of the Town Clerk, that action should be taken and the offender prosecuted.

### *Hush-hush tactics*

Then, a few days later, about fifteen minutes before the council sat, a meeting of the Public Health Committee was called, and the above resolution was rescinded.

The explanation given was that the sanitary inspector had neglected to call the offender's attention to the state of affairs complained of, and that the meat, being carcases, was not so much exposed as if it had been dressed.

It was felt, presumably, that a prosecution might not be successful; but if the council thought itself prudent in abandoning a prosecution it cannot be accounted prudent in adopting such hush-hush tactics. It is idle to suppose that the sanitary inspector imagined the facts he recorded in his report, and when an official, expressly employed to watch for undesirable conditions, finds it his duty to make statements of the serious nature indicated above, those statements surely merit full investigation.

Even if no legal action were deemed desirable, the whole case should have been thoroughly thrashed out in the open, so that the individual who was the subject of the complaint could either be cleared or censured.

*Alderman T. C. Smith, Mayor of Kingston*

But this is not the first time the Kingston Council has favoured a hush-hush policy in regard to matters closely affecting the public health.

By a curious coincidence, it had to deal with a disquieting report made by the sanitary inspector about two years ago, when certain meat at a local butcher's had been found to be badly affected with tuberculosis.

The full circumstances were laid before the council, and in due course the matter came up for the consideration of the Public Health Committee.

The latter expressed the view that it would be wasting the burgesses' money to attempt to prosecute, as, in the circumstances, it would be impossible to secure a conviction.

### *Strange coincidence*

So, as in the case that has just arisen, no action of any description was taken.

But the coincidence does not end there.

*We happen to know that the butcher then involved is the same one who is the subject of the adverse report in the present instance.*

The present complaints, too, are all the more important in view of the fact that the local papers have recently had much to say about the epidemic of flies in Kingston.

One woman stated that when her baby was born three flypapers were hung across the bed and the child had to be kept covered with muslin.

Now, nothing attracts flies so much as lack of sanitation, and there could be nothing more menacing than an insanitary slaughter-house.

But what is the use of employing a sanitary inspector to discover such menaces if his reports are not fully acted upon?

To us it looks like a wicked "waste of burgesses' money," and a criminal neglect of the public health into the bargain.

# *A SPRATT who Should be TINNED*

## *The Landaulette Net*

A YOUNG sea captain of the British Mercantile Marine, tiring of long stretches of three years in foreign waters, decided that he would definitely settle down in England with his young wife.

After taking careful stock of all the possibilities of obtaining immediate work in this country, he inserted the following modest, but convincingly genuine, advertisement in the columns of a famous daily newspaper:

> Merchant Service Officer (master mariner), age thirty, requires Berth ashore. Own car. Well educated. Excellent references.—Write M., Box., etc.

This small advertisement, which appeared on three consecutive days, elicited a number of replies. One, from a gentleman giving his address as 4, Cathcart Street, South Kensington, S.W., was particularly interesting.

### *Profitable engagement*

After suggesting that an appointment might be fixed, the writer added: "For your guidance I can tell you that it is in connection with the hiring of a fleet of almost new Daimler landaulettes, which is a very profitable engagement."

The suggested appointment was arranged and, in due course, a well-dressed, dignified-looking gentleman of middle age greeted the captain.

It was not long before the captain learned that the "very profitable engagement" would involve an investment by him of £200.

Briefly (the enthusiastic gentleman explained), the scheme was that the two of them should enter into the car-hire business, in which quite a lot of money could be made with the minimum of trouble.

All they had to do was to purchase three Daimler cars, engage drivers, rent a garage and offices, and then hire the cars out at a very profitable figure, while they themselves would draw nice fat salaries and live a life of comfort and ease.

### *Some surprises*

It is said that sailors are simple folk, but a master mariner of the British Merchant Service is not by any means lacking in intelligence, even though he may not be the essence of a business man.

Having heard the glowing account of how an investment of £200 would bring him all this success ashore, he proceeded to suggest that he would like references.

For answer a suggestion was made that they should visit a certain famous garage with which he was connected, having been entrusted with the disposal of fifty second-hand cars.

Together they entered the garage, the captain's guide nodding familiarly to several employees.

The cars having been inspected, the captain suggested that his prospective partner should put the whole thing in writing, and the next day's post brought him an envelope full of surprises.

In the first place, the suggested investment of £200 had grown overnight to £250. In the second place, he was asked to "start immediately" on the strength of a proposition explained in figures on a single sheet of notepaper.

Where he would start and what he would do were not explained, but it was certain that he had to pay down £100 at once.

### *Disquieting discrepancies*

Both he and his partner would draw a salary of £7 weekly and would share the profits at the rate of a third for the captain and two-thirds for the other.

An interesting balance-sheet was enclosed: "Garage and offices for six cars, £250; three chauffeurs at £150 per annum, £450; cleaning cars and sundries, £150; office staff, £100; sundry expenses, £50; total £1,000."

Placing the approximate net profit per car per annum at £500 per car, there was to be an income of £3,000, leaving £2,000 net profit to be shared among the two of them!

It occurred to the captain that three cars making £500 per annum cannot yield £3,000, neither can three chauffeurs drive six cars! He also noticed that there was no allowance for depreciation, insurance, etc.

It also occurred to him as strange that, "in consideration of your paying the sum of £250," his partner-to-be could undertake to place in service three Daimler cars "as inspected by you." Stranger still was the fact that the balance-sheet was based on six.

A return of something like £800 a year for an investment of £250 appeared too good to be true. The captain turned down the offer and we feel sure that he will not have cause to regret having done so.

For his prospective partner is none other than H. T. Hart Spratt, a gentleman who has no official connection with the garage to which he introduced his client, but who has often been exposed by JOHN BULL.

There are still many who will learn with interest of his new address, given above.

### *Lurid record*

He is known as the "Man who could sell sand in the Sahara," has swindled scores at home and abroad, has been bankrupt four times, has twice escaped heavy punishment in the courts, has posed as a millionaire, and has dishonestly handled thousands of pounds.

The fact that this experienced crook is now operating again compels us to issue another timely warning to our readers.

# DEAD MAN'S DREADFUL WARNING

## *The Skeleton Behind the Poster*

## ACCUSATION FROM THE GRAVE

THOSE people who favour the view that emigration presents the solution to most of our social ills here at home would do well to meditate upon the following tragic story which comes to us from New Zealand.

New Zealand is a very remarkable country, and just now the windows of New Zealand House, in London, are arranged in a most attractive display, suggestive of the immense industrial resources of the country.

At the same time, commerce is linked with cheerful comfort. "Spend winter where it's summer!" and "A Sportsman's Paradise" are two of the slogans effectively employed.

The country may be all very well for the wealthy tourist or the settler of means; but we fear that the charm one sees so tastefully set forth in posters and brochures is likely to prove a fatal lure to many a would-be emigrant.

*Dead man's appeal*

Only a year or two ago a man named Dominic Nolan felt something of that lure and decided to make New Zealand the field of his endeavours.

To-day he is no more; but he has left behind him a message which should be dinned into the ears of all those stay-at-homes who are so ready to advocate emigration.

Nolan's body was discovered a month or so ago by a farmer in Otaika, who was burning off scrub on his property. It was reclining on a roadside bank, wrapped in a blanket, and had evidently lain there for some considerable time.

But for the existence of a passport and other documents which lay beside the body, identification would have been impossible.

The documents included two letters to relatives at home and an open communication, the latter being one of the most poignant epistles that have ever been brought to our notice.

It was addressed to "Dear New Zealanders," and opened with an appeal on behalf of other poor immigrants to that country who had been shipped there in the past few years.

*"You do not know"*

The writer then proceeded to speak of the lure of "dazzling advertisements over in England; glaring pictures depicting scenes of the Dominions abroad, displaying acres and acres under tillage, cow farmers milking galore, factories in full swing; in fact, work for all, shortage of labour!"

Then he spoke sadly of the inevitable result of such allurements, and told how the Dominions had been glutted with labour, how markets had been overcrowded and how the majority of the hopeful settlers had become tramps!

The latter fate, he declared, had even been shared by New Zealanders themselves, in spite of the fact that they could claim preference to get an existence in the country of their birth.

Nolan went to New Zealand in 1925, paying his passage in full and neglecting to take advantage of any scheme for "assisted passages."

But his eagerness to get to the land of promise was to be ill-repaid. He secured work, but, as his last tragic letter recounted, had to toil "for little or nothing" in some jobs.

Then came a spell of unemployment and he could not bring himself to beg. "Many of the poor farmers," he wrote, "with a young family, cannot afford to give bread away, and why deprive their little ones? No, a thousand times no!"

But, in his last bitter moments, Nolan found time to think of others, in spite of the desperate nature of his plight.

"I would advise those aspirants at home whose ambitions are for other climes to stay at home. *You do not know what awaits you abroad.* Think twice before leaving home."

The phrase which we have printed in italics should strike home at the conscience of the emigration advocates.

For half the tragic emigration stories which have arisen in recent years must be attributed to the fact that the authorities neglect to tell intending emigrants exactly what awaits them abroad!

There can be such a thing as too much enthusiasm when enthusiasm is worked up at the expense of candour.

*Startling verdict*

In the final stages of his bitter quest for work Nolan camped out in all weathers without shelter, and often went without food for long periods. When he penned his dying message he had been starving for nearly a month!

He has set upon record the fact that he found the roads crowded with tramps, some of whom were pleased to work when they could without wages if food was forthcoming.

*The Hon. Sir Christopher James Parr, K.C.M.G., High Commissioner for New Zealand*

Nolan's letter is too calm and considered in its tone to be the coloured outpourings of a malcontent.

The very subject would have afforded him ample scope for purple passages and enraged outbursts had he so desired, but from first to last he wrote with dignified restraint.

It is difficult, however, to comment upon this case with any such restraint, and it would be hard to find anything more moving than the verdict at the inquest:

"Dominic Nolan came by his death as the result of exposure and want of proper nourishment, in the scrub on the side of the Otaika Road, on a night unknown, but somewhere about the beginning of May, 1928."

Dominic Nolan was an emigrant from England who listened to alluring tales of golden prospects overseas!

# BLACK Marks *for* WHITE

## A *Sad* Sixpennyworth!

MR. W. WHITE, of 3, Manchester Street, King's Cross, London, is in the habit of advertising "genuine home employment" schemes, his advertisements containing an invitation to send him sixpence to cover expenses for full particulars of his propositions.

After a few encouraging words on the subject of mail-order businesses, Mr. White adds that £3 to £4 can easily be made by following his hints.

But all his hints, curiously enough, involve a further outlay on the part of the ambitious home-worker.

*Fabulous profits*

Send Mr. White a further 2s., for instance, and he will furnish the formula of a hair-waving preparation that can be made up and retailed at a profit of 50 per cent.

Send him 1s. 2d., and he will tell you a really good wheeze for sharpening razor blades, while for 5s. he will reveal a "cure" for blushing, nerves and stuttering that can be exploited with "a fair amount of capital" to produce 200 per cent. profit!

Other formulas offered include a "magic fat reducer," a "ten-minute toothache cure" and a cure for the smoking habit.

*Something for all!*

If none of the above ideas appeal to you he has half a dozen others for your consideration.

Send him 4s., and he will tell you how to read characters from the handwriting. Send him 35s., and he will supply 600 stock "characters" that you can retail at 1s. a time!

Send him £6 15s., and he will supply 144 charts explaining how characters may be read from the Zodiac. These charts, he hints, can be retailed at a profit of hundreds per cent.!

Mr. White has hit upon a very pleasant little scheme in asking people to send him sixpence to pay his expenses in bringing his rubbishy propositions to their notice, but most readers will agree that his circulars represent sixpennyworth of tosh!

# MORE Yankee *Flapdoodle!*

## A *Superfluous* Service Bureau

THE South American Service Bureau, of Alma Avenue, Detroit, Michigan, issues a circular letter of unusual character in its efforts to secure clients in this country.

Clerks, cooks, electricians, carpenters, pipe-fitters, painters, bricklayers and fruit-pickers are amongst the classes of people to whom the circular specifically appeals in boosting South America as a "land of glorious opportunity." And what an appeal!

*Wonderful city*

"I should like personally to show you that wonder city Manaos, which sits in solitary splendour amidst the Amazon jungle," writes Mr. W. B. Gregory on behalf of the bureau. "I should love to go with you to drink deep of the beauty of Rio."

Thousands, he declared, have "learned the gracious art of living" in the latter city, from which he passes in a stride to Buenos Aires and "its thousand and one nights of pleasure."

Then he proceeds to speak with equal enthusiasm of high wages, free passages and living quarters.

But, as we read on, we find no mention of any actual vacancies.

*Cheaper method*

In return for $3 the South American Service Bureau, of distant Detroit, offers "valuable information" about working, living and moral conditions, about contracts, climate, passports, travel requirements and shipping.

It further undertakes to send particulars of a client's qualifications to 100 representative companies in oil, fruit, steel and other businesses.

We venture to suggest that the simple expedient of consulting the appropriate reference book at a free library would supply anyone with all the "valuable information" suggested above.

And we cannot feel that any employers would be much impressed with applications made through a bureau which attracts its clients by such lures as "a thousand and one nights of pleasure."

# The Friend of the Family

*Grandmother says* The Grandfather clock in the hall is the oldest friend of the family. How old I don't exactly know, but it was going before I was born. It is first to greet me in the morning and its cheerful tick-tock keeps me company through the day. It is a fine time-keeper and still faithfully records the minutes, including those that I save by using Hudson's Soap.

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# A Disclosure to Stagger the Nation

*by* The Rt. Hon. PHILIP SNOWDEN, M.P.

ABOUT twenty-five years ago the late Keir Hardie published a pamphlet entitled "The Pru in the Pillory." It was a scathing exposure of the robbery perpetrated upon the working classes by the industrial assurance system.

Not a word of defence came from the company whose methods were so scathingly attacked. The truth of Keir Hardie's exposure was tacitly admitted by the silence of the company.

For the last two years JOHN BULL has been carrying on, single-handed, the work Keir Hardie began a quarter of a century ago. Hardie's campaign collapsed from lack of support from the victims of this iniquitous system.

JOHN BULL'S campaign has survived for two years without the slightest recognition from the general Press of the country. The industrial assurance companies are so powerful in financial quarters that they can terrorise the journals which live upon financial advertisements.

### Damning indictment

Governments, too, are afraid to tackle this octopus. The insurance companies invest their huge funds in Treasury Bills and Government stocks, and exercise an influence on money rates and conversion schemes to an extent of which the public have no conception.

When Mr. Lloyd George introduced his National Health Insurance scheme he did not propose to allow the industrial assurance companies to have anything to do with the working of it. But he was compelled to so amend the Bill as to allow these companies to become approved societies, and this concession has been of enormous financial benefit indirectly to the companies.

It is well known that Mr. Lloyd George would have liked to include death benefits in his scheme, but the insurance companies said "No," and he dared not face their powerful opposition.

In 1919 the Coalition Government set up a committee to enquire into the methods of industrial companies and societies, and it produced a report which was described as the most damning indictment ever formulated by a Parliamentary Committee.

A Bill was introduced by the Government of the day which proposed to remedy some of the most glaring scandals to which the committee had called attention. It had to be withdrawn.

The insurance companies would not have it; the Government dared not face their opposition. The companies drafted their own Bill, and this, in all its main features, was accepted by the Government and passed into law.

One further instance of the terror these wealthy companies—made wealthy out of the contributions of the poor—can inspire in the Government may be cited. Very few people know that there is an industrial assurance scheme in connection with the Post Office. This gives benefits and security far superior to the commercial industrial assurance companies.

### Secret power

The Government dare not advertise this scheme because the insurance companies will not let it. Go to a Post Office and ask for a proposal form for the Post Office insurance, and it is 10 to 1 the clerk will tell you he has never heard of it. Last year less than 250 new policies were issued. There are only 10,000 of these policies in force.

I have mentioned all these facts to show that when we touch the pockets of the insurance companies we are in for trouble. The companies will not fight openly.

They will not write to the papers and say that if the Government interferes with their business they will not tender for Treasury Bills or subscribe to Government loans, and so make Government borrowing dearer. They know more secret and more effective ways than that.

### Staggering statistics

Only two things will deal with this national scandal. The first is an understanding by the millions of policy-holders, who among them hold seventy million policies, of the way they are being plundered, and the second is a Government with sufficient courage to attack this gross evil.

Few people realise the magnitude of this industrial assurance business. It is at the same time a wonderful testimony to the thrifty habits of the working classes and a pitiable instance of that virtue being exploited for commercial profit.

The Report of the Industrial Insurance Commissioner for the year 1926 was recently issued. It states that at the end of that year there were 71,548,535 industrial assurance policies in existence, and the sums insured totalled the enormous figure of over one thousand million pounds! The number of policies is nearly double the whole population of Great Britain.

The companies and societies had accumulated funds amounting to over £200,000,000. They had an aggregate income last year of over £55,000,000. The policy-holders received in that year for death claims and maturing policies and surrenders a sum of less than £20,000,000, which was less than the amount which was paid out in expenses and dividends.

I need not trouble my readers with instances of the cases where poor people struggle, sacrificing the necessaries of life, to pay weekly or monthly contributions, and then find in the end that they cannot go on, and the rapacious company takes every penny they have paid.

### Tragedy and suffering

Nor need I cite cases where people have been induced to enter into illegal insurances, later to find that the company legally repudiates all liability. The pages of JOHN BULL have been full of such cases, fully authenticated, during the last two years.

But I may express in a few cold figures something of the tragedy and suffering which this system inflicts. I do not wish to mention any particular company by name, because they are all in the same boat, and it is the system, and not particular companies, we indict.

I find from the Industrial Assurance Commissioner's Reports that three of the biggest companies doing this class of insurance business lapsed over two million policies in 1926. The collecting societies lapsed 1,312,000 policies in the same year, whereas only 278,000 were lapsed by death. The Commissioner stated in the 1926 report that 9 per cent. of the policies in force lapsed in that year.

The largest of the industrial assurance companies lapsed 1,145,252 policies in 1926, and 973,539 policy-holders lost every penny they had paid; while the insignificant number of 171,713 received free policies worth about one-third of the premiums paid.

Eighteen of the principal industrial assurance companies made profits in 1926 to the amount of £6,000,000. Nearly three millions of this sum

*The Rt. Hon. Philip Snowden, M.P.*

was allocated to the staffs and staff funds and to the shareholders and reserves.

Since the date of the outbreak of war in 1914, the total income of the industrial assurance companies has been the colossal sum of over £400,000,000 more than they have returned in benefits. For every working day during 1926, the workers of this country paid £147,953 in premiums, and received in return about £45,000!

### Robbed of every penny!

The dividends of the largest of these companies for each year from 1920 to 1926 have been as follows: 1920, 40 per cent.; 1921, 55 per cent.; 1922, 62½ per cent.; 1923, 67½ per cent.; 1924, 80 per cent.; 1925, 85 per cent.; 1926, 87½ per cent., and 1927, 90 per cent.—all free of tax.

It is a perfect scandal that the necessities and poverty of the working class should be exploited in this way. It is a still greater scandal that so many of the people who are led into investing their hard-earned money in these schemes should be robbed of every penny they have paid.

I suggest that two things can be done. The victims of this iniquity are mainly silent. I have never had a question addressed to me on this subject during all my Parliamentary contests.

It is for the millions of policy-holders to wake up and demand that the Government shall deal with this grave matter.

The first step the Government should take is to appoint a strong Commission of independent persons, who will not confine their enquiry to evidence submitted by the insurance companies. I am sure that a full enquiry would reveal a state of things which would stagger the nation.

### Heckle them!

I have given some attention to the subject of an all-in insurance, and I am convinced that a scheme could be devised by which, for a comparatively small addition to the various insurance premiums now paid, far larger benefits could be given than those which are now provided.

The needs of the workers should not be left to be exploited for commercial gain. There should be a guarantee that those who pay premiums will never lose the benefits for which they have paid.

But the first things to do are those I have mentioned—to get a strong public demand for a Commission on industrial assurance methods, and then to force the Government of the day to act. A General Election is coming. See that every candidate is heckled on this question, and pledged to demand the enquiry suggested.

## *Why wear Artificial Silk Stockings when—*

**you can get Pure Silk Stockings, free, merely by smoking (and persuading your men friends to smoke) a better cigarette—B.D.V.? Keep yourself supplied with fine silk hose this way. Latest fashion point heel. Double garter tops. Double ravel-stops. State size and colour when ordering.**

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After only three Radox footbaths this lady was able to pick her corn out, root and all. There was no pain, no temporary shaving off the top. Radox so softens hard skin that a corn can be literally lifted out, root and all, between finger and thumb. Read this letter:—

*"I suffered very much with a corn in the corner of my big toe, and I have been to a chiropodist three times and paid 7/6 to have it taken out, and each time after a little while it returned, and pained just as much as ever, so I thought I would try Radox. I was delighted with the result—it really was wonderful. I soaked my feet three nights in succession, and on the third night I could just pick the corn right out, and I have had no pain since, and no sign of the corn."*

*2nd September, 1928.*

*Miss H. M. W., Bristol.*

This is only one of many letters telling us of corns banished by Radox. When you put your feet into a foot-bath containing Radox, the salts soften the hard outer layers of the corn, and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them, and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn-softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened so that it may be lifted out bodily. The life-giving oxygen leaves the feet clean and healthy. Since it is the oxygen which carries the corn solvent right to the root of the corn, and since Radox liberates, by test, more oxygen than any other salts on the market, it is clear that Radox is more efficient in removing corns than any other salts.

**1/6**
*Half Pound Pink Packet.*

# Radox Bath Salts

*Give your feet that "Kruschen Feeling."*

*Ask for Radox at your Chemists, price 1/6 per half pound. Pink packet; 2/6 double quantity.*

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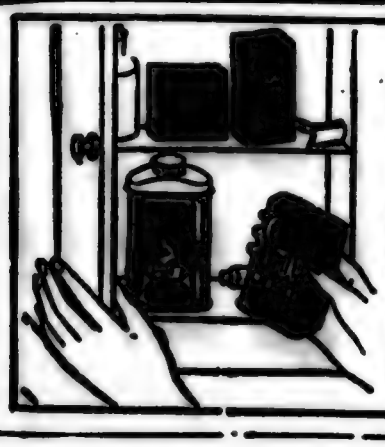

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The Soap, because of its absolute purity and emollient properties, is unsurpassed for every-day use. Assisted by Cuticura Ointment it does much to keep the skin and scalp healthy. Cuticura Shaving Stick makes shaving easy for tender-faced men. Cuticura Talcum is the ideal toilet powder.

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# CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

*Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities*

**To the Rt. Hon. Sir A. STEEL-MAITLAND, M.P., Minister of Labour.**

DEAR SIR,—I learn that men who have done their utmost to find work in their own particular trade are being refused unemployment pay because they have made no effort to secure work upon the land. You know, as well as I, that the majority could not afford to leave their homes for the miserable pittance paid for unskilled farm labour, nor could agriculturists possibly employ 2 per cent. of the workless. I fear this is but another dirty trick to rob the unfortunate of their due. JOHN BULL.

**To the Rt. Hon. WALTER GUINNESS, M.P., Minister of Agriculture.**

DEAR SIR,—The quarrel between the farmers and the dairymen is their own affair. What concerns the public is the quality and the price of the milk supplied to them, and it is the duty of the Government to see that the people are supplied with the best at a reasonable cost. Hence I call upon you to warn all interested in the industry that the threatened hold-up of supplies, if carried into effect, will be followed by stern official action. JOHN BULL.

**To the Rt. Hon. LORD CUSHENDUN, Cadogan Place, S.W.**

MY LORD,—Your interpretation of the duties of a peace delegate in terms of sneers at "idealists who think a new heaven can be arrived at quickly" and the throwing of as much cold water as possible on disarmament proposals do no credit to your good will. When the world is turning to thoughts of sanity and progress instead of violence and disruption, why try your puny utmost to put a brake on the wheels? JOHN BULL.

**To the Rt. Hon. PHILIP SNOWDEN, M.P., St. Ermins, Caxton Street, S.W.**

DEAR SIR,—As you point out, the Premier's appeal to private employers to find work for those who need it can have little effect, since individual capitalists will not embark on new enterprises while trade remains depressed. It is the function of the State to absorb the unemployed by putting into operation a programme of public works. The real tragedy is that so many politicians lack common business aptitude. JOHN BULL.

**To Mr. JAMES MAXTON, M.P., Barrhead, Renfrewshire.**

DEAR SIR,—Because, of late, I have several times deemed it my duty to criticise adversely your actions and views, it gives me pleasure wholeheartedly to support your contention that the Labour Party should insert in its General Election programme a proposal that a State grant of 5s. a child should be made to every working-class mother. So long as steps were taken to safeguard such allowances from misuse, it would be cash most profitably invested. JOHN BULL.

**To Mr. MEYRICK BOOTH, Letchworth.**

DEAR SIR,—Your protest against "arming as before" after the Peace Pact is signed is a timely reminder of everyone's duty. The tragedy is that parents of young children who will be ready for slaughter if another war broke out, say, in fifteen years time, are perfectly cheerful about the matter. They are completely absorbed in motoring, or golf, or gardening, and "far too busy" to support the peace movement. They forget they are tacitly admitting willingness to see their children blown to pieces or suffocated by poison-gas before they have fairly started life, and it is undoubtedly time someone sounded a tocsin to waken up such fools. JOHN BULL.

**To the DIRECTORS, London and North-Eastern Railway.**

GENTLEMEN.—When a season-ticket holder on your line offered to deposit his ticket with you on the condition that you extended its currency for the sixteen days he was on holiday, you replied that it was contrary to practice. Yet, I am informed, you make an allowance when the period of absence amounts to twenty-eight days. Thus it is the poor man—he who can afford only a short vacation—who is penalised. JOHN BULL.

**To Sir ARTHUR CROSFIELD, Chairman, National Playing-Fields Association.**

DEAR SIR,—In spite of continual effort and the princely munificence of private donors, "it is fully recognised that as yet little more than the fringe of the problem has been touched," you say. The provision of playing-fields for all the nation's children is a colossal task. You have given the Government a magnificent lead. It must now follow on and complete the job. JOHN BULL.

**To Mr. PERCY SAVAGE, Southerton Road, Hammersmith.**

DEAR SIR,—There was plenty of gallantry among rescuers when three men were gassed in an 18-ft. deep sewer, but you proved yourself a real hero. With a wet handkerchief as your only face protection, you were lowered, and though overcome yourself, tried again until you brought up three workmen whose lives were thereby saved. The fellows who work under your direction are lucky in their foreman. JOHN BULL.

**To Dr. J. ADAMS RAWLINGS, Justice of the Peace, Swansea.**

DEAR SIR,—I am inclined to associate myself with your protest against the taking of an oath in a court of law, especially in cases of minor importance. After all, the wicked who intend to lie will do so in spite of it, and the righteous will stick to the truth without its urge. It is time we followed the custom of the Society of Friends, and allowed all to affirm. JOHN BULL.

**To Mr. JOHN McKENNA, President of the Football League.**

DEAR SIR,—It is a pity that a cleric usually so moderate and sane as Bishop Welldon should have made an attack upon Association football as it is conducted to-day. I agree that of all the sports supported by the million it is the one least entitled to reproach, and so stringent are the penalties imposed by the ruling association that malpractices are rare. I fear it is another case of a little knowledge. JOHN BULL.

**To Mr. ABSALOM FOLLAND, Hook Colliery, Pembrokeshire.**

DEAR SIR,—At seventy years of age you are a fine example of the best type of collier, both as regards spirit and endurance. When it was imperative that three vessels should be loaded in time, you worked three days and two nights without sleep or going home for a meal. To be renowned for "an indomitable enthusiasm for work" is a record worth having, and one of which this present age could do with more. JOHN BULL.

## Straight from the Shoulder

M. LEON DAUDET:—"An overdose of sport is responsible for the pale faces and stooping backs I notice in London."

*Wrong. An underdose of good food and sound living accommodation is responsible.*

• • •

DEAN INGE:—"Some religions are very bad things."

*Don't insult others. It is the exponents of otherwise good religions that are wrong.*

• • •

MR. JOHN R. HIND:—"The railway company is the great wholesaler of transportation."

*Then why doesn't it take the trouble to learn its business?*

• • •

MR. C. B. READ:—"The men who occupy vagrant wards are very little better than animals."

*While guardians who say so are a good deal worse.*

STANLEY: "Austen gone, Bridgeman gone, Birkenhead gone, and—gosh—I don't feel very well myself!"

## *The Deciding Factor*

No matter which brand of whisky you buy you pay the same price, 12/6 a bottle. The deciding factor obviously is quality. Therefore get best value for your money, in other words—'Johnnie Walker' of *guaranteed* quality, pure and mature always.

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Remember, too, if 12/6 seems a lot at the time, you can get a half bottle for 6/6 or a quarter bottle for 3/6. And flasks.

*All* guaranteed? Of course—the J.W. label is your safeguard.

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**"Most of you don't realise how much cooking you could save yourselves. That plum pie you are making, for instance—why not serve the plums with Shredded Wheat? I'll guarantee you'll find Shredded Wheat crisper and nicer than pie-crust. Nothing else, in fact, goes so well with stewed or tinned fruits—and nothing, of course, is more nourishing. It is the pure whole wheat."**

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PRATT'S—53

*The Truth About Things--by the Editor*

# *WICKEDEST* TRICK *on* RECORD

## *Truth* Trickling *Through*

## THE *FOOLED* TEN THOUSAND

WHEN the Government announced that it had made arrangements to ship 10,000 miners to Canada for the harvest season, we entered an emphatic protest.

We have never been able to understand how the legend arose, still less how it has persisted, that there is work and good wages for everybody in Canada. For years past we have been flooded with information from all the Dominions, and from Canada in particular, as to the unemployment that persists.

The *Toronto Globe*, for instance, only recently said: "Each year the condition is made worse by bringing out more men from Europe. There are many men in Canada waiting for work, but without funds for transportation and incidental expenses. Why not finance these men before making the wrong greater by bringing more men?"

The minute it was known that 10,000 miners were to be taken to Canada, the Trades and Labour Council of Winnipeg passed a vote of protest against the scheme and said emphatically that there was all the labour necessary available in Canada. It said, further, that nothing but destitution would await thousands of these miners once the harvest was over.

Now, although the Government is carefully refraining from passing any of the information on, stories of what is happening are beginning to trickle through.

Twenty-three miners, for instance, have already protested at Winnipeg against the treatment meted out to them by the farmers. Despite the fact that through the employment exchanges the British Government guaranteed them from £3 to £5 a week, these men declare they are only being offered one dollar a day.

Thirteen British harvesters who have not enough money for their fares are tramping into Winnipeg.

"Meanwhile," says the *Nottingham Post*, "the Winnipeg City Council is urging that measures should be adopted to enable those harvesters who have not obtained permanent employment to return to London. It is being freely said in Winnipeg that miners are not likely to adapt themselves to farm work and that they will not be able to save enough from their earnings to keep them during the winter."

Since it has been found necessary by the Government to ship 10,000 British citizens abroad because they allege there is not work for them in their own land, it is interesting to look at the latest agricultural returns from Scotland.

Here the area of arable land is the smallest since agricultural returns were first taken. The acreage under barley and oats is also the smallest ever recorded, and horses, cattle, sheep and pigs have all diminished.

There are 6,000 acres less under wheat than last year. There are 3,300 acres less under barley, while no fewer than 15,000 acres have ceased to grow oats.

And so it goes on all down the sorry list. Small wonder that one paper calls Mr. Baldwin's letter to employers "a pill for an earthquake."

There is not, and never has been, the slightest need for any British citizen to emigrate in order to find work. There are hundreds and thousands of acres of British land lying idle that could be made to grow food and livestock. There are hundreds and thousands of acres going back to grass every year.

So long as there is a single acre of earth in this country untilled and uncultivated, it is the sheerest nonsense to say that there is no work available.

The whole sorry trickery of this wholesale export of unemployed miners makes one wonder if indeed the Government has not become so desperate that it is willing to go to some length to ensure that even so small a number as 10,000 unemployed voters shall not at the next election be in a position to cast their votes against its return to office.

*The Rt. Hon. Sir John Gilmour, M.P., Secretary of State for Scotland*

# DON'T *YOU* CARE TWO HOOTS?

## *The Choice of Statesmen*

NO one of ordinary perception can feel very satisfied with the manner in which contemporary statesmen are fulfilling their duties. This is notably the case with those chosen as the nation's spokesmen in foreign affairs.

It is, for instance, pathetic to find Lord Cushendun, delegated to represent the country at the biggest move for world peace the world has seen, the signing of the Peace Pact, taking every opportunity to show that what his pen did his heart did not endorse.

He will do little ultimate harm, for in such utterances he represents less the nation than a dying Government. But the pity is he should make them.

He is not alone in his folly. Of all Government departments the Foreign Office is the slowest to learn the changes the war brought about. It clings to tradition. It forgets that we are living in a new world.

There must be a change. The old order is utterly discredited. It cannot now even be said that humanity is at the cross-roads. It has definitely crossed the bridge that starts the feet of youth towards the new age.

We wish, therefore, that every non-official man and woman in the country would take more interest in what their representatives say and do abroad. For it is there that impressions of themselves are given and taken.

It is not enough to get wildly excited over the selection of a candidate to represent purely local interests. These wider issues must be faced, and while the selection and election of a local M.P. must necessarily be of paramount interest, it is quite possible even then to get the longer perspective which leads to the forming of a Cabinet.

That is why the rash utterances of even one statesman cannot be ignored. They may be the focus of the world's attention at any given moment.

There have been examples enough in history. The history of Germany might have run very differently had Bismarck never been her Chancellor. Germany heard so often that she was a militaristic nation and that her social salvation lay in military aggression that she at last came to believe it herself.

From the utterances of her statesmen the world had always believed it, and the biggest, bloodiest war in history was the result.

We are not likely to repeat that mistake in our own country. But we are liable to have our national aims continually, and badly, misinterpreted abroad unless more care is taken in electing potential Cabinet Ministers when they come to the polls and ask for our votes.

# HALT!

## *The New Terror*

FOR several summers now complaints have been heard, and ignored, against the annoyance of low flying.

R.A.F. pilots in the neighbourhood of military aerodromes were the first offenders; but the nuisance is now being extended by civilian stunters.

Flying is still in its infancy. It is still carried on more or less haphazard. There are few regulations, and those mostly military, framed for its regulation and control.

Attention hitherto has been concentrated on lessening the danger to those who engage in it. There exists no kind of legislation for the protection of others subjected to its menace.

That is the trouble which has been brought to a head by the action of householders near Hamble Aerodrome, Southampton. The low flying is such a constant terror and danger that one man erected in his own garden a mast 60 ft. high.

A woman member of the Hampshire Airplane Club crashed with her machine into this mast and had to be removed to hospital.

The local crisis thus created is likely to extend. While visitors to seaside resorts, terrorised by frightening evolutions over the heads of crowds, have their remedy, the matter is less easy where a man has built himself a home.

In the Lloyd George Budget of 1909-10, in order correctly to assess the duties on land values, it was definitely assumed that all the earth beneath a man's land was his home. Property owners filled up their blue forms on that assumption.

Similarly, legislation is now required to define how high above the land individual rights extend.

For, whatever the outcome of the specific case in Hampshire, it is certain that families cannot be left indefinitely to live in a constant state of terror.

# Bye, Bye, Red Whiskers!

*by* A. G. GARDINER

*Mr. Ben Turner, Chairman of the T.U.C.*

IN some respects the Trade Union Congress at Swansea was a humdrum affair. But in one sense, and that the most important, it was historic. It definitely dissociated the cause of Labour from revolutionary propaganda.

In setting up an enquiry into the disruptive activities of the Communist and minority movement, it declared war on the little nest of incendiaries who, financed by Russian money, have wormed themselves into the trade union movement in order to destroy it and to create out of the ruins an instrument for revolution.

It is a very healthy sign. If this country is to scrape through its troubles it can only be by the help of Labour. For good or ill, organised Labour is now the chief power in the State. If in the coming election Mr. Baldwin is overthrown it is Labour which will overthrow him and have the task of government.

It is important that before that happens it should make up its mind that it has no use for the powder magazine as a solution of the problems of government. It must shed its Cooks and its Pollitts and all the shrieking brotherhood who take their marching orders from Moscow.

### *War on vermin*

I have never believed that these people represented any serious body of opinion in the Labour movement. Some of them are simply mischievous, some simply silly, some definitely corrupt.

I have in mind, as typical of them, a person whose activities I have followed with a good deal of interest for a long time. He has long been the source of mischief in one of the trade unions.

When the war came he ran for shelter to the Yorkshire mines; but he was unfortunate enough to catch the formidable eye of Herbert Smith, who knows that breed at sight and who promptly threw him out neck-and-crop.

Then he skipped to Ireland, where he found a convenient field for his poisonous activities until the war was over. Now he is back again in his old haunts, raising perpetual troubles for an honest and able trade union leader.

This kind of rodent does not represent the mind of British labour, and the Labour movement has everything to gain and nothing to lose by declaring war on such vermin.

### *Out-of-date war-cries*

That, I take it, is the purpose of the Swansea decision. But there is more behind it than that. It means that Labour is realising that the old war-cries are out of date and that the time has come to face economic facts and apply practical remedies.

What has the blowing up of capitalism done for Russia? The situation of that wretched country is worse than it has ever been. I have just had the opportunity of talking to a Labour candidate for Parliament who has just returned from Moscow, and he tells me that the people are starving, and that the "bread queue" is a spectacle of heartrending misery.

This is happening in the greatest corn-growing country in the world. It is happening not because Nature has withdrawn her gifts, but because a crazy gang of doctrinaires has imposed conditions of sale on the peasants that have caused the peasants to cease to grow corn. What is the sense of kicking against the obstinate facts of human nature?

Labour here is realising that the destruction of capitalism as a cure-all for our industrial discontents is antiquated nonsense. Take the coal trade. You could expropriate all the capitalists from the coal trade to-morrow, and it would not find employment for another miner or open another pit.

Millions of money are being lost by the "capitalists" in mining. Pits are being closed. Companies are bankrupt. Multitudes of them are only kept going by loans from the banks, and still more loans. There are pits which Labour could have for the asking, but which could only be kept open by capital from somewhere.

The trouble with the coal trade is not the incubus of capitalism. It is the competition of oil, the competition of water power, the competition of foreign coalfields, the competition of indemnity coal, the loss of world markets through the strike of 1926.

### *Petrol the killer*

I am not defending the coalowners in the past, and I am far from suggesting that a great and comprehensive reconstruction of the coal industry is not necessary. It is. But I do say that it is childish to suppose that a first-class revolution would put the coal trade on its feet, or that all would be well if all the capitalists were strung up at the lamp-posts.

Or consider the case of the railways. If anything, the outlook here is more serious than that of the coal trade. The coal trade will recover in time, but will the railways survive? Who knows. Again, their trouble is not capitalism. Investors in railways are being squeezed dry.

Stock in railways, which is still included in trustee securities, is standing at half its nominal value. And the lower the capital valuation falls, the worse the position becomes, and the blacker is the outlook for labour.

Capitalism has nothing to do with the problem. It is petrol that is killing the railways. It is road transport which is displacing rail transport. Clear out all the capitalists to-morrow, and it will not make a ha'porth of difference to the railway position.

### *Solving the riddle*

And consider another aspect. Labour is not a unit in this great matter. Labour is divided. The railwaymen's real menace comes not from the capitalist. It comes from the transport worker whose prosperity is bound up with the use of the roads as against the use of the railways.

I have dealt only with two examples. They could be multiplied indefinitely. But they are enough to show that the old battle-cries have nothing to do with the real problems of industrial politics.

It is not shouting vapid revolutionary gush at street-corners that is going to solve these great problems. It is not blowing up the whole economic structure of society that is going to make a New Jerusalem. If there is a universal convulsion Labour will be blown to the skies with the rest.

The riddle of modern industrialism can only be solved by hard thinking and honest thinking and by a fearless facing of economic facts. And Labour has got to do its part of the thinking.

I rejoice that there are many signs that it is setting itself to the task. Not the least is the notice given at Swansea to the vapouring "Reds" in its ranks that it has no use for them and does not intend to have them about the premises.

# A NIGHTMARE

SOME newspaper accounts of the hoppers' encampments in Kent, with their "cosy, brick-built huts," "chairs and tables," "shining pots and pans," "bright curtains," "electric light," "excellent canteens," "concerts and other entertainments," might lead readers to believe that everything in the hop-gardens was lovely, and that Mrs. Hemans' ideal cottage homes of England had been brought to earth in the Kentish Weald for the comfort and delight of seventy thousand picknickers from the London slums.

*Mr. A. M. Thompson*

This impression would not be confirmed by enquiry. In the course of three days' wanderings in this earthly Paradise, I have seen rows of hovels, built of wood or corrugated iron, in which families of seven, eight or more persons sleep on beds of straw in a space of 10 ft. by 9 ft. Light, air—and rain—are admitted to some of these dwellings by holes in the roof; to others, only by the open door. The floor, the only shelf for food or clothes, is the bare earth. There is no furniture, except perhaps the family's tin box.

Water is obtained, sometimes, from a tap; in one case it had to be fetched from a farm a quarter of a mile away. These huts are sometimes flooded as much as a foot deep. Latrines are obscenely inadequate.

THESE scandalous abominations stand out in disgraceful contrast to the decent conditions provided by more humane employers. Big brewers, and the more enlightened hop-growers, lodge their temporary helpers in weather-proof brick huts, with tiled roofs and concrete floors.

They build permanent brick fireplaces where food is cooked, water boiled and wet clothes dried. Canteens and shops are set up where the hoppers can buy wholesome food and commodities at honest prices.

But the plain and amazing fact is that ill-drained pitches, leaky tents and huts, drenched clothes and damp beds, insanely wasteful open fires, by which little children are frequently burnt, polluted water and filthy latrines continue to prevail.

# Shacks of Shame

*by* E. ROFFE THOMPSON

THREE HUNDRED families have received notice from the Corporation of Stoke-on-Trent that their homes must be demolished in the interest of public health.

In the year 1928, in a country that calls itself Christian, a land that prides itself on standing in the very forefront of the van of civilisation, it is an astounding paradox that there should be any homes at all that are a menace to health.

That there should be any homes such as these in Stoke-on-Trent is more than an astounding paradox. It is an act of positive criminality.

The homes of these three hundred families are the merest makeshifts. They consist of nothing better than caravans, rickety bungalows, old railway carriages, old tramcars and old canal boats.

It is not surprising that the rapid growth of this colony of shack-owners has caused the sanitary authorities in Stoke to take drastic action. For in none of these living-places is there any water laid on, and the sanitary arrangements are of the most primitive kind.

### *Pathetic details*

Sewage is buried in open fields or deposited in open holes made by the outcroppers during the recent coal strike. So alarmed are the City Fathers at the growth of this disease-disseminating menace that notices were at once issued to the tenants, and the owners of these dreadful apologies for homes were summoned last week to appear before a special committee.

A gentleman attended Stoke Town Hall on my behalf and there listened to the statements of those awaiting examination. Let me quote exactly what he said:

"Arrangements made by the Corporation for examining these people deserve the severest censure. Over 400 people crowded into the vestibule at the Town Hall waiting to be called, while the committee was disposing of the cases at the rate of seven or eight per hour.

"There were many women in the crowd with little children who had to wait from early morning until late in the evening, only to be told to go home as the committee could not hear their statements that day.

"I was assured by every person to whom I spoke that they were driven to the open fields, there to live in old canal boats and caravans, owing to the inhuman conditions prevailing in the working-class districts of the Potteries.

"As one woman put it: 'It is better to live in a caravan and have a home of your own than to live as I have to do in two rooms at the back of a butcher's shop.'

### *Profiteers' Paradise*

"I asked them if the Corporation was building houses to meet the needs of the district. They replied that the Corporation built houses and charged rentals quite beyond what working people could afford. Yet, despite the high rents, many of them had applied for a Corporation house, but had not had so much as a reply to their letters.

"'Three years ago,' said an ex-soldier, now a martyr to asthma, 'I applied for a Corporation house, and was informed there was already a long waiting list. So, for the sake of my health and that of my family, I had to live in a caravan, for which I am forced to pay 10s. a week rent.'

"A young woman told me that she was living in an old canal boat for which her husband had paid £20. Another woman stated that the caravan in which she is now living is all she possesses. She bought the caravan out of compensation received from her employer when she fell a victim to lead poisoning. She is now existing on the 'dole.'

"Believe me, these people are not ordinary shiftless slum-dwellers. They are people who have risked whatever sum of money they possessed rather than live in the filthy, congested back alleys of the Potteries. The prices they had paid for bungalows ranged from £30 to £90, while in one case a woman was charged as much as £100 for a caravan.

"The land-owners, too, are doing well out of these people. One is charging bungalow owners 2s. a week ground rent. Another is renting bungalows and old tramcars for from 5s. to 10s. a week. And in almost every case the tenants of these dwellings are paying local rates. Although they have no water supply, they are, nevertheless, paying a water rate!"

What is the Stoke Council going to do about this disgraceful state of affairs? If it does not enforce its notices it is clearly allowing a very serious menace to public health to exist. If it does enforce its notices it is simply going to turn three hundred families out on to the road.

*Alderman T. C. Wild, Mayor of Stoke-on-Trent*

Its obvious duty, like the duty of every council in the country, is to build houses and more houses which can be let at reasonable rents. It can certainly be done if local authorities stop cackling and get down to real business.

### *Rotten system*

Since the war about 1,250,000 houses have been built in this country, of which about two-thirds have been built with State assistance. But the housing subsidy since the war has only amounted to £54,000,000—a very small yearly amount considering the untold wealth that has been poured out on the Fighting Services in the same period.

I have only quoted the plague spot of Stoke-on-Trent because it happens to be a particularly noisome one. I do not know that it is any more noisome than hundreds that can be found in almost any area throughout the country.

It is not as though every bricklayer, every man who takes a hand in building houses, is employed. They are not. There are thousands and thousands of them being paid to remain idle when they could be building real houses and real homes, demolishing slums and clearing away festering sores such as these.

When Mr. Baldwin addresses a pathetic appeal to employers to take on additional men for whom they have no work instead of insisting that slums be cleared and houses built, he is simply proving that he does not know the A B C of statesmanship.

And back of it all is the fact that our rotten system of land ownership is holding the country up to ransom and preventing people from living decently on the land that is supposed to be their birthright.

### *Strangling grip*

If the land were freed and the grip of the "owners" were broken, houses would go up at an astounding rate. It is not only that before you can build a house you need a piece of land on which to put it. The trouble is that everything in this world that is used for the benefit of man has its origin in the land.

It all comes out of the earth, and the only reason that we have not all of us all we want of the earth's products is because we foolishly allow a tiny number of our fellows to claim that they not only own the earth but everything that is in it.

Stoke-on-Trent's plague-spot is more than a sneer at statesmanship. It is a terrible indictment of the lunacy that makes us go on, year after year, permitting a handful of people to "own" the land while hundreds of thousands rot in miserable want.

# PARADISE

*by* ALEXANDER M. THOMPSON

I have been told of drinking water drawn from pools and ditches in which cows had stood and diseased children had bathed. I have been told of a camp where one pestilential latrine was made to serve the needs of 250 persons!

THE medical officer mildly protests, but is unheeded. "My own position throughout," he complains, "has been difficult and delicate. The vested interests, the need for economy, and the abolition of prejudices have all required careful handling."

Mr. Frank Briant, M.P., has told Parliament, concerning the medical officer's latest report, that "it is to the everlasting discredit of the local council that when this report was brought up, *they compelled him to withdraw some portions of it, because it hurt the feelings of some of its representatives!*"

The rules regulating hopping camps should not be left to the administration of vested interests. Inspectors—an experienced military camp inspector and at least one woman—should be appointed to inspect the repair and cleansing of the huts before picking begins and proper hospital accommodation should be provided.

Voluntary agencies like the Red Cross Society are doing splendid work. At Marden, Mrs. J. A. Spender and her husband—a journalist of world renown—have established a pickers' hospital in a field by their house, where, last year, two lady doctors and a staff of nurses treated 3,021 cases of casualties, pneumonia, and—mark this—eighty-seven cases of children burnt or scalded by the flaring encampment fires!

Despite existing defects, the annual exodus of seventy thousand London slum-dwellers to the Kentish hop-fields is a holiday to which they look forward, and which they heartily enjoy. Only a little amendment of preventable evils is needed to make it a very real and lasting source of health and happiness, an ideal physical, mental and spiritual boon and blessing to seventy thousand people.

THE enlightened growers who have tried to civilise the conditions declare that they have been well repaid for their small outlay of money and larger investment of kindly common-sense. They have found that good treatment makes good workers.

The mean-spirited and stupid laggards who defile the lovely Weald of Kent by turning what should be hop-gardens into foul and filthy styes must be compelled by effectual penalties to obey the laws of public health and common decency.

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## *Legal Masquerader's Lure*

## THE TRUTH IN A TESTIMONIAL

THE law, as Mr. Bumble remarked, is "a ass—a idiot!"

But while his words are perhaps the most quoted in the language, people are slow to realise their true significance.

This is amply proved by the present-day legislation concerning rogues who pose as solicitors, and who, in that false guise, rob unsuspecting people who come to them for advice.

It is within our knowledge that one trickster has toured the country in immunity for the last three years, using scores of aliases, and inducing people to part with "fees" for work he promises to execute as a "solicitor on the rolls."

Complaints too numerous to mention have been lodged against him by endless victims, and the matter has grown so serious that Scotland Yard was recently compelled to issue a public warning against him. Yet he carries on unperturbed!

***Robbing with impunity***

Amongst the aliases he favours—always practising as a solicitor, be it remembered—are Sharpe, Lamb, Hawke, Scott, Burke, Jones, Williams and Collier.

He has mulcted poor litigants of hundreds of pounds, and it is pertinent to ask what view the law takes of his infamy. Let the Attorneys and Solicitors Act speak for itself:

"Any person, who wilfully or falsely pretends to be or takes or uses any name, title, addition or description implying that he is duly qualified to act as a solicitor, or that he is recognised by law as so qualified, is liable to a penalty not exceeding £10 for each offence."

Think of it! This same maximum penalty applies in the case of a bogus police officer who, by threatening some unfortunate person, unlawfully extorts money as the price of silence.

That is bad enough, but a bogus solicitor robs his victims under pretence of offering assistance.

And he can go on robbing them with impunity, knowing full well that unless an additional charge of obtaining money by false pretences can be brought home to him, he can escape by paying a paltry fine!

Who, in these circumstances, will say that Mr. Bumble was not right?

***Guarded secret***

Quite recently a rogue named Hammond made a tour of certain parts of Essex and, representing himself to be an agent for non-existent firms of solicitors, called upon various people to press for payment of outstanding accounts.

How he got to know that his dupes owed money is a secret which he has been careful to guard.

But the fact remains that, by posing as one acting on behalf of the creditors, he extracted money from a number of people who believed that the law would be invoked against them if they did not pay.

Hammond is resourceful enough to alter his tactics to meet the particular situation he has to cope with.

For instance, at South Weald, on one occasion, he walked up to a man who was working on a farm and, with an authoritative air, asked him brusquely what he was doing there.

Surprised at the intrusion, and wondering who the important-looking stranger could be, the man replied that

*The Rt. Hon. Sir William Bull, M.P., who, as a prominent member of the Law Society, will perhaps air this scandal in the House of Commons*

he was working for a Chelmsford caterer, with whom he had entered into a specially drawn-up agreement.

***Glad tidings***

Hammond, who in this case introduced himself as ex-Sergt. Simpson, asked to see the agreement, which was later produced.

In a well-feigned professional manner, Hammond subjected the document to the minutest scrutiny, and, turning to the man, announced, "They have had you all ways!"

Although he had hitherto been perfectly satisfied with the terms of his appointment, the man was sufficiently impressed by the above comment to lend an attentive ear to Hammond's glib "opinions."

"There is a lot of money due to you," Hammond told his new "client," with a wise shake of the head. "You will have to leave this paper with me, and I will go into the matter and get it put right."

In view of the fact that his "client" was not too well off, he gallantly added that he would only charge the barest out-of-pocket expenses. Then, tucking the document into his pocket, he departed.

Later he returned with glad and unexpected tidings. He had interviewed the Chelmsford gentleman, he declared, and had bandied no words with him.

As a result, a cheque for £30, representing additional moneys due under the agreement, was forthwith being despatched.

But after the helpful stranger had departed with his "fee," the unhappy "client" discovered that the Chelmsford gentleman had not been interviewed at all; that there was nothing due to him under the agreement, which was, of course, quite in order, and that the distinguished "legal" visitor was a master of bluff!

Hammond has also specialised in other forms of crime.

As "Captain Alistair," for example, he once visited a Brentwood woman and politely asked her terms for board-residence for an indefinite but protracted period.

***Sudden departure***

He was, he confided, the newly appointed Air Ministry pilot at the adjacent Maylands Aerodrome, and had been posted there to take up some very important aerial duties.

Impressed by his polished manner and pleased at the prospect of securing a good boarder, the lady agreed to accommodate him at a certain figure and he readily agreed to the terms.

He resided with this couple for some days on credit and expressed great satisfaction at the excellent meals provided for him.

He did not sleep there, however, as he said he must go back to Bayswater every evening for the present to visit his aged mother who was ill.

When his account had mounted to a good figure he vanished suddenly, and enquiries at the aerodrome elicited the fact that "Captain Alistair" was not known there and that his entire story was a fabrication.

Apart from these exploits, Hammond has passed as a doctor attached to the Indian Army, as an inspector of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and as an official of Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum.

He has lost several jobs through dishonesty, and one unhelpful "testimonial" given by an erstwhile employer sums up his character as follows: "He is deceitful, an inveterate liar and a hypocritical humbug."

***Ridiculous laxity***

The ingenuity of his "legal" mind can be gauged from a case where he obtained money from a woman by telling her that proceedings had been taken against her in court and that money was needed to keep the affair out of the papers! The whole thing was a tissue of lies!

When he was recently prosecuted for obtaining food and lodging by false pretences he begged for leniency for the sake of his wife and children.

And though he had several previous convictions against him, he was lucky enough to get off with a sentence of six months.

His term would have been much longer if the law were not so ridiculously lax in dealing with those who pose as its own representatives! Perhaps this article will move the authorities to remedy this sorry state of affairs?

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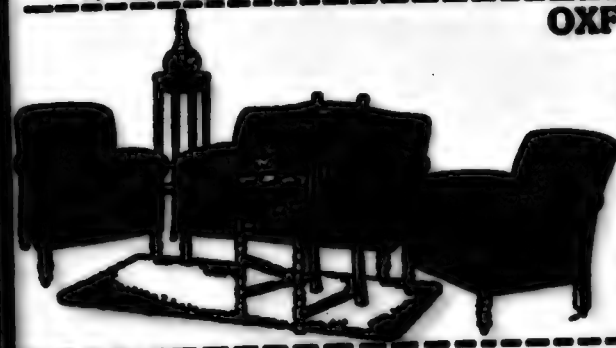

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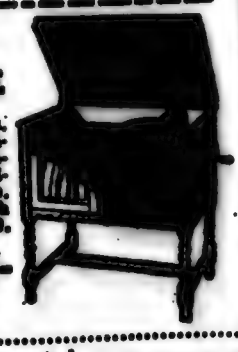

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But the public knows little about the Civil Service. It has no Atlantic manœuvres like the Navy, no military tattoos like the Army, no pageant or midnight raids on London like the Air Force.

Newspaper attacks on Whitehall are, unfortunately, the only publicity it gets.

For this reason, it is all the more the duty of the Government to see that the Civil Service gets a square deal. But is the Government doing its duty in the matter?

There are some 300,000 people in the Civil Service, and of these 150,000 are drawing less than £3 a week, *including bonus*. Clearly the Service, as a whole, is not overpaid.

### *Dwindling bonus*

And note that bonus. Everything turns on it. It makes all the difference to the Civil Servant's pay. The bonus scheme is complicated, but this is how it works.

The bonus was granted to meet the increased cost of living due to the war. The amount of bonus is based on the index figure of the cost of living, worked out by the Ministry of Labour.

This figure is applied to the different rates of pre-war pay on a sliding scale, ranging from the man getting £90 a year (35s. a week or under), who receives a 70 per cent. bonus, to the man getting £2,000 a year, who receives no bonus.

As the index figure falls so the amount of bonus falls. It has fallen from 130 in August, 1921-22, to 65 in August, 1928-29. *In seven years, the Civil Servant has had his bonus halved!*

Now, this index figure is based, primarily, on the cost of food. It does not cover the increase in rent and rates, clothes, fares, laundry bills, school fees, doctors' bills, holidays and the hundred and one things that are just as much necessities of life as food.

### *Unfair arrangement*

Take rent. Most Civil Servants live in lodgings. They pay their landladies so much a week. The index figure falls. They get less pay. But they have to pay their landladies just the same each week.

Who gets the benefit? Obviously, the Government and the landladies. Both have less to pay out, the former in wages and salaries, the latter on food.

Very nice for the Government and the landladies! But is it fair to the Civil Servants?

Of those in the higher grades, the great majority live in houses not rent controlled. The index figure covers only rent-controlled houses of the working-class type.

In regard to rent and rates, therefore, all grades of the Civil Service are worse off owing to the fall in the index figure.

Similarly, in regard to the cost of clothes, fares, laundry bills, etc. The cost of these things has not fallen with the cost of food. Yet the

*The Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer*

Civil Servant's pay falls with the cost of food. Is this fair?

The fact is that the index figure of the cost of living as applied to the black-coated worker is sheer bunkum. It was never intended for him.

### *Humorous and tragic*

It was originally accepted by him and by the Government as a makeshift in war time, merely because no other figure existed as a basis for the bonus.

It was intended for the wage-earning classes in whose budget food looms, proportionately, a much larger item.

If it is to be applied to the Civil Servant, now that the cost of living is falling fast, then it should cover all those other necessities which have increased for the Civil Servant, and which are not falling with the cost of food.

To reduce the pay in proportion to the fall in the cost of food, while all these other items remain at their present high level, is not only unjust but positively ludicrous in principle.

It puts the Civil Servant in the Gilbertian position of praying for an increase in the cost of living for the rest of the community so that he may get an increase in his pay. Such a situation is richly humorous from every point of view—except the Civil Servant's.

Does the Government not see the injustice of it? Of course. *But the Government benefits by it, so why alter it?*

### *Paying twice over*

Nor is this the only injustice to the Civil Servants of the bonus scheme. The Government compels them to pay for the war twice over. They pay in taxation, direct and indirect, just as the ordinary citizen does.

But the ordinary citizen gets the full benefit of the fall in the cost of living. The Civil Servant not only fails to benefit by the fall, but loses pay in proportion to that fall.

Towards the cost of the war he contributes all that the ordinary citizen is called upon to pay, *and, in addition, the amount of bonus that he loses with the fall in the index figure.*

If this is not paying for the war twice over, what is it?

Again, in most business houses, industries and professions, something like a stable basis of wages and salaries has been reached. But with a constantly falling index figure, the one thing certain for the Civil Servant is that each year he will be worse off.

In many grades during recent years, the Civil Servant has lost in bonus an amount just about equal to what he ought to have received in annual increments.

Is this not disheartening and bound to react upon the morale of the Service?

Nothing is more demoralising than to work, year in and year out, with no prospects of a rise and under the constant threat of a reduction.

Add to this that he is not even getting the benefit of the fall in the cost of living, and it must be frankly admitted that his lot, like the Gilbertian policeman's, "is not a happy one."

### *Farcical figure*

Even his very security, which others are inclined to envy, is thus turned against him.

It is up to the Government either to stabilise the wages and salaries of the Civil Service on their present basis, or to produce an index figure of the cost of living that is not purely farcical, as is the present figure.

This could be done by the Ministry of Labour without wasting time by holding another cost-of-living enquiry.

The public fully appreciates the fact that the Civil Service is, by its very nature, unable to protect itself, and will insist on the Government giving it a square deal, whether the Government like it or not.


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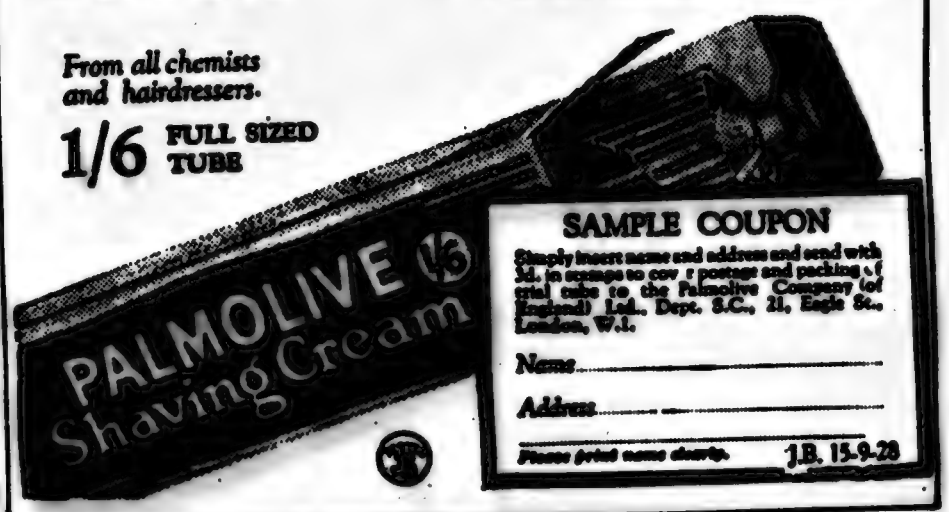


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*In Sunshine Ward*

# A *DIABOLICAL* MOUNTEBANK!

by PHILIP INMAN

IT is not an easy task to be the breaker of bad news. You never know how people will take it. There are those who cry pitifully. Then it is well, for relief comes with the shedding of tears.

There are others who remain outwardly unmoved except for an unnatural glare of the eyes which tells of the stunned spirit within.

Mrs. Brain betrayed no emotion when the news was gently broken to her. "And is there no hope, no hope at all?" she asked quietly. The doctor shook his head. "I am sorry," he answered; "I can hold out none."

Then on to the face of that woman came a hard, strained expression.

"How long do you give him?" she asked. The doctor hesitated a moment. "It's difficult to say," he told her, "perhaps three months, certainly not longer." And the next day that patient, at his wife's request, left the hospital and was taken home—to die.

Before he went away Mr. Brain said he had a favour to ask. "I shall be a bit lonely," he told me, "and shall miss the nurses and the other patients. My home's not far away and probably you would look in one day to see me."

### *Astounding recoveries*

Readily I agreed to do so, and a week or two later, in fulfilment of my promise, I made my way to his address in Bloomsbury. To my surprise, his wife, who opened the door, received me curtly, even coldly.

"How is your husband?" I enquired. In a voice ringing with assurance, she replied, "He's going to get better, you'll see. Where you have failed, others will succeed."

For a moment I could scarcely believe my ears, and when I recovered myself, I asked for an explanation. For answer she brought me a printed leaflet. It gave a description of a faith-healing mission held at one of London's great halls.

According to this report amazing scenes were witnessed and astounding recoveries took place. Cripples threw away their crutches and walked. The blind were made to see. The deaf heard the shouts of exultation. The imbecile emerged from mental darkness and his reasoning faculties were restored to him. And all these cures were attributed to faith and faith alone.

### *False hopes*

When I read those words I knew why Mrs. Brain was so exalted. And when I saw her husband I realised that he too was thrilled by a great expectancy. He smiled when he took my hand.

"Another week," he said, "and I shall not be lying here." And like an excited schoolboy he told me what he would do when he was "out and about again."

When I came away I felt sick at heart. I recalled the nature of that man's ailment. He was suffering from the advanced stages of cancer. His disease had spread like the roots of a tree until almost every part of the body had become affected.

If he were restored, then never again could any patient be looked upon as incurable.

It was two or three months before I dared to call at that house again. As I walked down the road a strange foreboding took hold of me, and my fears were soon confirmed.

Again I was admitted by Mrs. Brain, but this time she looked a melancholy figure and she was dressed in deep mourning. With tears in her eyes she said that her husband was dead. And sadly she told me the story.

The patient had been taken on a stretcher to a mission for restoring physical health, and there he was anointed by the missioner. When Mrs. Brain told him that the doctor had been coming to see her husband three times a day to ease his pain by giving him morphia, she received the reply, "No more doctors and no more drugs. You must have faith."

*Philip Inman*

And faith she had, but it was sadly misplaced. That man suffered excruciating pain, when the administration of morphia might have brought rest and relief. And though right to the end "hope sprang eternal in his breast," he had died almost to the day the doctor had foretold.

It is time the country was aroused to the evils caused by these faith-healing missions. Let me make myself clear. I believe there are cases such as nervous paralysis and neurasthenia where the restoration of a man's will-power may lead to his cure.

But no faith-healer can repair a badly damaged heart or stay the process of cancer. And it is diabolically cruel to raise false hopes which can only lead to disastrous consequences.

*The Sentence of the Court*

# *SCIENTIFIC* MANSLAUGHTER

## BOMBS *versus* BIRTHS

TO a charge of dangerous drivelling, Major Sir Charles Henry Wilson, M.P. (described on the charge-sheet as "Major, R.A.S.C., M.T., Volunteers, retired"), pleaded "Not guilty."

"As to when the gallant major's fighting days began," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "I have no evidence. But, as he was born in 1859, they are obviously over.

"Yet, though no longer qualified to dash forward, sword in hand, at the head of motor-lorries engaged in a valiant attack on the rum dump, this elderly warrior can still wield a willing jaw in the disservice of his country.

"When not busily engaged being a retired, though not unduly retiring, Volunteer, the accused is, among other things, a Liveryman of the Worshipful Company of Fe tmakers and the Parliamentary representative of the unhappy burgesses of Central Leeds.

"But it is not clear in which of these capacities he was functioning at Snaith, Yorkshire, when he started to indulge in furious drivelling, without a silencer or light of reason, and swerving in all directions at once.

"With one swerve he devastated the ranks of the Labour Party, by describing it as our 'greatest menace.'

"But the next skid landed him in Germany, and he struck terror into the hearts of Yorkshire Tories with tales of Fritz's hectic military preparations—he being able to supply the inside information that when in Germany he had 'heard shooting and saw men carrying rifles in the forests'!

"All this, however, was a mere pipe-opener to his final magnificent effort, which was to inform the elect of Snaith that war, glorious war, is 'one of Nature's means of correcting errors in regard to population.'

"Comment upon this priceless comment would be a work of supererogation. So I will leave the wise words of this minor major to shriek for themselves!"

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter said that the prosecution seemed to think that there was something startlingly new in the view put by Sir Charles, but the major was merely following in the footsteps of various eminent economists.

The horrors of war were sufficiently obvious; but so, too, should be the evils of over-population. Nature's methods were sometimes cruel, but it was presumptuous to question their wisdom.

* * *

"Until man drops the cowardly habit of blaming Nature for his own stupendous blunders," said Mr. Justice Bull, "an insane confusion of thought is inevitable. But it is not often that muddle-headedness expresses itself with the cynical clarity achieved by the prisoner.

"Left alone to 'correct errors of population,' Nature could be relied upon to devise some less untidy method than that which sacrifices the young and vigorous in the interests of the drivelling and doddering.

"If we are to reconcile ourselves to war on the ground that the best way to regulate the birth-rate is to increase the death-rate, it would be equally reasonable to cease the battle against infectious disease because of the charmingly scientific manner in which horrible epidemics correct errors in population.

"Other considerations apart, it is to be feared that Nature's worst blunders rarely get within sound of the firing-line, for, when danger is about, the law of the survival of the fleetest is found in operation.

"There are doubtless citizens who would regard the honourable and gallant member as an error of population, but I don't think we need go to war to correct this particular error. Instead I will direct the prisoner to supply a copy of his remarks to every voter in Central Leeds so that they may rectify the blunder at the General Election."

# WHY CORRESPONDENCE STUDENTS ACHIEVE SUCCESS

## BY THE GOVERNOR OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL AND MOST PROGRESSIVE CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE IN THE WORLD.

I AM often asked if I can explain why Correspondence College Students are so successful. I here give my considered opinion. First and foremost, we must remember that all Correspondence Students are voluntary, and as they have to pay their five or ten shillings per month out of their own pockets, they want value for money, therefore they are usually diligent students, also they know that when their studies are completed and the Diploma has been awarded to them it is not difficult to obtain a really first-class appointment, in fact such appointments are usually waiting. Correspondence Colleges do not receive any State help, but are dependent upon their popularity, which can only be maintained by the success of their students, therefore it is to their benefit to make a success of every student.

Tuition by post has many advantages over class or local tuition. They are as follows: Any trade or profession can be learned by this method. Students can study just when and where it suits them. They fix their own time. They do not have *to go* to their studies; the postman brings them. There are no travelling expenses.

If at any time they experience any difficulty they can ask for help and nobody will know it. All they have to do is to send a note explaining the difficulty and they will find the tutors are always willing to give every possible assistance. The spoken word may be forgotten, but the printed or typed word is permanent and can always be referred to. There is nothing that a Classroom Teacher can show on a blackboard that cannot also be shown on a white paper; the lesson on the blackboard gets cleaned off, but the printed or typed lesson is *permanent*. A Classroom Teacher's explanation may be forgotten, but a *written* explanation may always be kept for reference. A Classroom Tutor cannot give a private word of encouragement, but a Correspondence Tutor can do so whenever the work deserves it. On the other hand, he, where necessary, points out mistakes privately.

J. H. Bennett

## IT IS QUITE TRUE

and I state most emphatically that there are thousands of men earning less than half of what they could earn simply because they do not know where the demand exceeds the supply. Thousands of people think they are in a rut simply because they cannot see the way to progress. This applies particularly to Clerks, Book-keepers, Engineers, Electricians, Builders, Joiners, etc. They do not realise that in these particular departments the demand for the well trained exceeds the supply.

In Technical trades and in the professions employers are frequently asking us if we can put them in touch with well trained men. Of course, we never act as an employment agency, but it shows us where the shortage is. In nearly every trade or profession there is some qualifying examination, some hall-mark of efficiency. If you have any desire to make progress, to make a success of your career, my advice is free; simply tell me your age, your employment and what you are interested in, and I will advise you free of charge. If you do not wish to take that advice, you are under no obligation whatever. We teach all the professions and trades by post in all parts of the world, and specialise in preparation for the examinations. Our fees are payable monthly. Write to me privately at this address: The Bennett College, Dept. 31, Sheffield.

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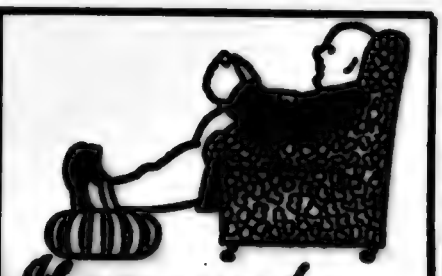


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*Words Winged to Women*

# A SURGERY for SOFT HEADS

by MABEL HORNER

OF all home problems that of the backward child is the most difficult. It is considered enough to-day to dub a child a dunce if it does not learn as quickly as it should. It was done once.

I know country towns where the inhabitants still remember the old dame school, where backward children were made to stand on a form wearing a hideous red flannel cap with a peak, for all the rest of the children to jeer at. A teacher who did that to-day would herself be dubbed lunatic or fool.

But though we have long moved from such crude methods, we are still far from dealing as we should with the majority of our backward children.

I know homes where the backward child is a constant bone of contention between husband and wife. I know other homes where the mother will tell you that the backward child has cost more in education than "all the rest of the bunch put together."

That, of course, is in good homes. It is worth spending any amount of time, toil and trouble over training a backward child to fill a normal place in a world where it is necessary to be normal to gain a living.

### *Helpless teachers*

Teaching a child is a flea-bite to keeping a hopeless adult inefficient. That is why homes with means make such sacrifices for their backward children.

But the parents of most backward children are poor. They are growing up into inefficients, and yet, although inefficiency is the most deadly danger a nation can harbour in its midst, this country permits of its manufacture wholesale.

Education is provided for normal children. If a child is nippy in its wits it may get a good start in the mass classes where most children are taught.

But mass classes are no good at all for the backward child. For all they gain backward children might just as well be put in dunce-caps and stood on a form for others to gaze at. Their teachers are helpless in this hit-or-miss method.

It has been left to private enterprise to show a better way. Here and there special schools for backward children have been set up and have proved their worth up to the hilt.

At Worcester an aged member of the cathedral staff, Canon Wilson, took a great interest in children, and was appalled at the wastage of backward children.

*Mrs. George Cadbury, whose family do all in their power to further education*

He experimented with a small park, where a number of backward children from the slums could be gathered together and taught in the open air. Later a member of the Cadbury family gave lovely grounds for the use of the children which commanded a view of the hills.

It is worth remembering that every child entering this school is a "reject" from other schools. It is medically certified to be suffering from some early form of tuberculosis or has "nerve" trouble, or a bad heart, or is anæmic, or has a tendency to St. Vitus' dance.

That is what slums do for children. How can such poor, starved weaklings be anything but backward?

So, first and foremost, the "teaching" includes three good meals a day, hot baths twice a week under the care of a trained nurse, and regular attention from doctors and dentists. The food—think of it! well-fed and comfortable city gentlemen who rule the educational policy of the country—costs 3s. 6d. per week per child, to which parents contribute according to their means.

After this wholesome beginning the rest is easy. The children are first trained in clean and orderly habits and then step by step along the more regular road of learning. But they play while they learn.

They have dances and pageants and colour and gaiety, and gradually their backwardness becomes a thing of the evil past. After some years of treatment such as this, the head-mistress can report: "We have scarcely any failures."

### *Example to follow*

Now this pioneer school must become the forerunner of similar schools everywhere for backward children. A fig for the cost! We don't know how to spend money for education in this country. Look at America and blush.

There, 1 per cent. of the whole national income is devoted to it. The number of teachers employed is five times that of the regular Army and Navy, while the annual expenditure for education, entirely exclusive of additions to buildings and equipment, is over twice the expenditure for the whole War and Navy departments of the national Government.

That is because America treats war as an impossible nuisance in an enlightened and civilised world, but educated citizens as her best business assets.

If mothers in this country love their children, they will awaken in their thousands at the next General Election and force that lesson home.

They must refuse to let successive Governments treat the question lightly. They must refuse to support any man or woman, who look upon State-provided schools as a terrible burden upon taxation and who treat elementary schools as something flung at the heads of the poor.

State-provided schools are a social right which every man and woman must uphold. When once the movement towards real disarmament has set in there will be plenty of money for every social science. Special schools for backward children are among the things we must do with it.

# MAKING LOVERS WINCE

## *Barriers Against Disaster*

AFTER the holidays, a crop of marriages—that is a foregone conclusion. Friendships ripen into love during hours of enjoyable leisure. The natural sequence to happy days spent in company with the one-and-only is marriage and the setting up of a little home.

It is at this moment that the happy couple find themselves the dumping-ground of much good advice. It ranges from the famous advice of *Punch*, "Don't!" to solid tomes of wise maxims calculated to make the most enthusiastic lovers wince.

### *One never knows*

Marriage is full of pitfalls it seems. Happiness never lasts. It can't, for the simple reason that life itself is full of sorrows and sickness; one never knows when the sudden disaster may come; and so on, and so on, in the usual manner of old wives, who like to gossip and croak.

JOHN BULL does not croak. JOHN BULL admires the British pluck which enables young folk to brave the uncertainties of the present day and embark together on the great adventure.

JOHN BULL offers to such one piece of advice only. It is this: "Don't cross the threshold of the new home after the honeymoon until the form is signed that makes the bride and bridegroom registered readers!"

Most advice costs the givers nothing. JOHN BULL's advice costs a good deal, which is paid out in substantial cheques to ease the misfortunes of registered readers.

Among these misfortunes fires are the most common. "Please accept my sincere thanks for cheque received this morning," writes Mrs. Doris Renton, of 2, Armley Heights, Leeds.

"My husband has always been very sceptical as regards free insurance, but when I was able to show him the cheque he soon altered his tune and now he says he is going to tell it up and down that what JOHN BULL says it will do it *does*."

Fire also took toll of the household goods of Mrs. M. A. Rhodes, of 16, Elizabeth Street, Bradford, very nearly destroying the lot. However, as Mrs. Rhodes had taken the advice of JOHN BULL some time previously and became a registered reader, she now reaped the benefit, for which she sends heartfelt thanks.

"It will indeed," she adds, "be a really substantial help towards replacing all the things we lost." This was a large loss, but JOHN BULL is equally ready to help those whose losses are small.

Mr. J. Pascoe, of Tanyrallt Cottage, Cilmaengwyn, lost only a trifle when things at his home caught fire, but he was a registered reader and when he mentioned his trouble was promptly helped by a cheque.

### *Feeling of safety*

Another registered reader who suffered more serious loss of household effects by fire is Mrs. G. Gillanders, of 26, Links Street, Aberdeen. Her gratitude for the help of JOHN BULL is unbounded.

"It came at a most opportune time," she writes, "and will help me greatly to tide over my troubles. You may be sure I wish JOHN BULL every success."

It is the feeling of safety we want every bride to share. When a lover "pops the question," why not reply, "I will, but only on condition that we become registered readers of JOHN BULL"?

• • •

£300, £50, £25, two of £20, two of £18, two of £16, two of—well, go on reading this serial story of big "Bullets" prizes on page 39.

# WITH PLUMS

When stewed plums are placed on the table everyone looks about for the cream. Because everyone knows that plums are especially delicious when there's cream too. But cream is a big item in the bill and doesn't go very far. Now you needn't bother about cream if you've "Ideal" Milk, for "Ideal" Milk is rich country milk concentrated to the consistency of cream. Try it with plums.

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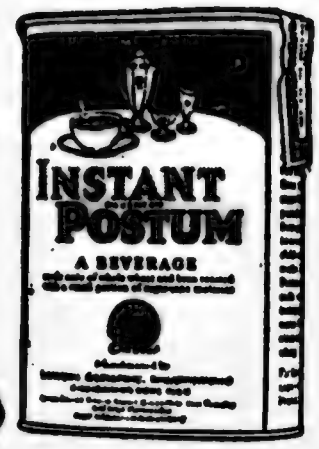


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We have created a reputation with these very fine suits. We have already sold many thousands, and our customers are highly delighted.

Perfectly tailored, well cut, ready to wear bespoke suits, prefectly trimmed and made in our own workrooms. Suits that are built with character and guaranteed to give every satisfaction.

In Blue Indigo Serge, guaranteed fast dye, also in grey worsted. Price £3/-

State breast measure, height and colour required, and suit will be sent at once to approved accounts. Money returned on receipt of suit if not absolutely satisfied. First payment 3/- and 5/- per month afterwards. Give full postal address.

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*Human Documents*

# *The* PATH *of* DESTINY

## Tyrannical Conduct—Suspected Forgery—Pathetic Predicament

*PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped, addressed envelope. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.*

"UNTIL four months ago I was a happy fellow; married with three children and the best wife for whom a man could wish.

"My wages just enabled us to live comfortably, with, perhaps, a little saved for the proverbial rainy day. Then my trouble came.

"I was stricken down with a bad attack of influenza, the after-effects of which I was unable to shake off. I grew thin and weak with a terrible cough.

"After a holiday my health seemed to improve; nevertheless, I decided to seek medical advice, and presented myself for examination at a hospital.

"You may, perhaps, judge of my dismay when before a bevy of students I listened to a frank discussion of my case to a final pronouncement of pulmonary tuberculosis.

"My instructions were to report to my panel doctor and make immediate preparation to enter a sanatorium.

"BEFORE returning home I called up my doctor, who urged the need for sanatorium treatment at the present juncture, which would cost me a certain sum each week, based upon my means.

"Upon reflection, it was clear to me that my wife and family would be left with insufficient on which to live, unless they sought assistance through the medium of the Poor Law, a course wholly distasteful to my wife.

"Thus to become a burden on my wife, herself in poor health, and to cause my children any distress, struck me as an impossible situation, and I, therefore, maintained secrecy of the tragic discovery. Not a soul knows, certainly not my employers, who would be sure to discharge me.

"Strange to relate, my health has seemed fairly good. I sleep alone and keep away from the children to avoid conveying any infection to them, but my misery is great, for my wife imagines that I have grown indifferent to her and to the children.

"Nevertheless, I was steeling myself to bear this when I noticed a few days ago that I coughed up blood! Once again I am assailed by dread for the welfare of my family."

"HUMANIST" says: *My sympathies are indeed with you in such distress, but you must face facts, hard as they may be. To allow your condition to continue uninterrupted would be selfish and without doubt you would be snatched permanently from your family. But if you undergo prescribed treatment immediately I have little doubt a cure may be effected. Surely your employers possess a spark of humanity, at least sufficient to guarantee your situation when you are well. Possibly your wife would augment her means by light employment.*

• • •

"I AM a young man, married, and have one child. For the last two years I have been employed with an engineering concern, previous to which my work had been most irregular; therefore, it is my earnest desire to retain my job irrespective of conditions.

**Brutal Workmates**

"To support this assertion, I will tell you that one of my workmates is a brutal fellow who is in and out of prison. He, in company with another great lout, takes delight in torturing me, and my life while at work is a veritable hell of torment.

"During work hours they hurl missiles of coal, iron, wood, or indeed anything which comes to hand. If I return early from dinner I am treated in a fashion only the police should know.

"On the last occasion I bolted into the street for safety, but they chased and carried me back. It was only the fight I put up which induced them to release me.

"Asking the ex-convict how long this treatment was to continue, his reply was, 'Until you fight me.'

"I readily accepted his challenge, but got badly mauled by this huge brute. Other of my workmates have recommended me to hit him with a bar of iron, which advice you will agree it is policy for me to ignore.

"My work otherwise is most congenial. My employer has signified his appreciation by giving me two increases in wages, and I have been retained where others have been discharged; therefore I am reluctant to seek other employment which might not prove permanent."

"HUMANIST" says: *You have proved that you are no coward by accepting the jail-bird's challenge to a fight, despite the fact that you were not exactly the victor. Jealousy is probably the root of the trouble, but my advice is to confide in your employer. He may be less satisfied with these other men and would prefer your services to theirs.*

• • •

"TWO years ago, in order to augment the family finances, I took in sewing. The proceeds of my labours in this direction enabled me to provide more adequately for my three children.

**Cruel Threats**

"One afternoon I received a caller, who urged me to advertise on the screen of the local picture-house. It was raining very heavily at the time, so he asked if he could come inside the hall to give me details.

"The man explained the advantages to be gained by such form of advertisement, but I told him to call again when my husband was home, and as I expected him at 4.30, I suggested that my caller should return at that hour.

"As my husband had some work to attend to, he was unable to wait very long, but while my daughter was having her tea the man knocked and I asked him into the kitchen.

"He explained that it would be possible for me to advertise for three, six or twelve months, but as my means are so very limited I finally signed the agreement for three months.

"Now I am receiving threatening letters because the firm states that I signed for twelve months and it demands payment for that period.

"On the testimony of both my son and daughter, who were present at the time, I certainly agreed to three months only, and it is my opinion that my declaration to the longer period was deliberately forged."

"HUMANIST" says: *As you have the witness of your son and daughter to your statements and you suspect forgery, you might with advantage inform the concern that you yourself contemplate taking legal action, when I think it will drop the matter.*

"FOUR months ago my husband and I took unfurnished rooms, where we quite expected to be comfortable. The landlady, who, incidentally, has a son who is a Member of Parliament, upon the discovery that I am shortly expecting a baby, gave us notice.

**Crime of Motherhood**

"Our tenancy should have expired last Saturday, but inability to acquire suitable accommodation rendered it impossible. Landladies all object to babies!

"Our landlady is insulting, suggesting that we are only feigning efforts to seek rooms and that 'the likes of us should not plant ourselves on gentlefolk'(?)

"It is true the neighbourhood is good class, but we occupy only two back rooms in a garage, one of which has stone walls and floor. Our landlady lives in the flat above.

"Her latest intimation is that unless we are out by Saturday next the rent will be increased from 16s. to 30s. per week. Meanwhile she is taking steps to evict us. Can she do so?

"It seems so cruel to think that an expectant mother must be harassed in this fashion. I suppose having babies is a crime in the eyes of some people."

"HUMANIST" says: *Your predicament is truly pathetic. Unfortunately for you, if the landlady is not a statutory tenant under the Rent Restriction Act she is entitled to increase the rent after the service of proper notice to this effect, or she can apply for an ejectment order. My sincere hope is that you may speedily acquire other accommodation.*

• • • •

**"Out of Sight . . . ."**

"Twelve months ago, my daughter, who is now just fifteen, went into service some distance away. At first she wrote regularly, but latterly ceased to do so and my letters to her mistress have been ignored. I notified the police, who called and obtained a promise from my girl to write, but she has failed to do so."

"Humanist" says: *As your daughter is under sixteen, you can compel her to return home if you have reason to feel dissatisfied with the influence under which she may be in her situation.*

**Stiff Demand**

"My sister-in-law lost her reason through a severe shock and is an inmate of an asylum. My brother, unemployed, receives 26s. 'dole' to support himself and one child, but the authorities of the asylum are demanding £1 per week for his wife's maintenance in the institution."

"Humanist" says: *Some mistake, surely! Two people can hardly exist on 6s. a week. Your brother should explain matters to the authorities of the institution.*

**Convenience**

"During a long period of unemployment a tradesman kindly allowed us credit. Now I am working my wife has discontinued her patronage, considering his prices excessive, but arrears are being paid by weekly instalments. This tradesman is now threatening to sue for the balance in a lump sum."

"Humanist" says: *The magistrate would, doubtless, order payment by instalments according to your means, but if you were willing to buy goods at high prices when you could not pay for them, you should be prepared to continue your custom when you can pay.*

# BAD LEGS

*View of National Infirmary for Bad Legs, Gt. Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester, the only Institution in the world founded solely for the Treatment of Bad Legs.*

A treatment which permanently heals bad legs by an entirely new method without rest, when doctors and specialists have given the patient up as incurable even with the aid of rest, is something of a novelty, even in these days of medical marvels.

This method is known as the Tremol method of treating bad legs and by it your leg is made well and strong without a moment's rest, without neglecting your work for one single instant, and without the possibility of a failure, because this new method permits of no relapse. These grand results are permanent and lasting. But this is not all. Every form of bad leg succumbs to this new treatment. Varicose ulcers melt away, and even when combined with varicose veins disappear. Eczema vanishes, swollen and painful legs become painless. Tubercular bone and ulcers heal up. Inflammation and irritation become things of the past.

DO YOU SUFFER FROM

## VARICOSE ULCERS, VARICOSE ECZEMA, SORE LEGS, SWOLLEN LEGS, PAINFUL JOINTS?

IF YOU SUFFER FROM ANY OF THESE OR ANY OTHER LEG TROUBLE

## TREMOL IS THE RIGHT TREATMENT

The worst and most hopeless of cases yield to Tremol Treatment. Cases of Twenty, Thirty, and Forty Years' standing succumb to the Treatment. When Doctors and Hospitals have failed, Tremol conquers. Seize your opportunity now. Get your leg soundly healed.

Think what Tremol means to you—No More Loss of Time from Work—No More Leg Worry—Able to Enjoy Life—No More Resting the Leg—Renewed Health and Vigour—Your Work Made a Pleasure—A New Vista of Life Opened Out Before You—Your Leg Made Sound and Well. Let every sufferer remember this:—

## Tremol Treatment

**CONQUERS BAD LEGS AT HOME**

**WITHOUT ABSENCE FROM WORK**

**NO RESTING IS NECESSARY**

**YOU HAVE BETTER HEALTH**

**RESULTS ARE CERTAIN AND LASTING**

A Large Illustrated Book, giving full particulars of this powerful Remedy, and a Legal Guarantee to cure, together with a Beautifully Illustrated Album of Coloured Plates, and a List of Cured Cases in your own district, will be sent to every sufferer. The publication teems with sound advice, and contains much valuable information, and if you are a sufferer it is sure to be the means of bringing about your speedy and permanent recovery, even if doctors, hospitals, and specialists have failed to help you. Early application for the book is necessary as only a limited number of copies is to be distributed.

DON'T FORGET THIS—You can cure yourself in your own home WITHOUT REST, OPERATION, RELAPSE, or FAILURE. This is not a chance to be missed, and you should write at once to the NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS (Ward B.L.X.), GREAT CLOWES STREET, BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER, describing your case, and THE BOOK, LEGAL GUARANTEE, BEAUTIFUL ALBUM, and LIST OF CURED CASES WILL BE SENT FREE.

*In addition to this free offer to all who write, the National Infirmary will give free consultations to sufferers who call. Hours—10 a.m. to 5 p.m. each week day (Sundays excepted).*

Post this Coupon to us to-day for Book and Free Advice, or call for Free Consultation.

National College of Health Ltd.

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NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS,
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Please send me your Valuable Book, Illustrated Album and Legal Guarantee and List of Cured Patients in my district. I enclose 3d. stamp for postage.

Signed .....
(Mr., Mrs., Miss, or Rev.)

Address .....

.....

State Complaint .....

# Asthma Bronchitis

## A DOCTOR'S OWN REMEDY — *endorsed by fellow members of the Medical Profession*

The Royal Physician who endorsed Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure

If you suffer from Asthma or Bronchitis this message is vital. It will bring you the remedy you so sorely need—a remedy that makes either of these afflictions *needless*.

You can free yourself of Asthma and Bronchitis by this sure, simple cure, discovered after prolonged research by Dr. Hair, once a sufferer himself. In his own words it "enabled me to escape the furnace of Asthma in which I had been for eleven years."

Dr. Hair's prescription is the now famous Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure you can buy from any chemist. Such is its efficacy that it has won the approval of members of the medical profession and has the endorsement of a Royal Physician.

Invaluable information is conveyed in Dr. Hair's booklet on Asthma and Bronchitis. Read this and understand why so many so-called remedies have failed to bring relief. Write for the booklet, so taking the first step on the high road to perfect health.

Fill in and post the coupon to-day.

## Dr Hair's ASTHMA CURE

THE PROVED LIQUID CURE

Price 3/- and 5/- per bottle. Obtainable from Boots, Ltd., Taylor's Drug Co., Ltd., Timothy White's, Needham's, Squire's, and all leading Chemists, or direct post free (C.O.D.) from address on coupon.

## A FREE BOOK OF ADVICE

*The Royal Physician who endorsed Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure*

*Here are extracts from letters received from members of the Medical profession. The original documents are always available for inspection at our London Offices.*

"I have recommended your remedy, both in London and elsewhere, and shall continue to do so."
M.D.

"I have been using it with marked success . . . . . and if you will let me know your fee, I shall have very much pleasure in sending it."
M.D., F.R.S., LL.D., etc.

"The effects have been marvellous in two of my cases."
M.B., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

"Yours is the most marvellous discovery, and I send you hearty congratulations for the benefit, not only to yourself, but to humanity at large."
M.D., L.R.C.S.

To Dr. HAIR'S ASTHMA CURE, Ltd. (Dept. 69) 104 High Holborn, London, W.C.1
Please send me free and post paid Dr. Hair's 48-page Book on Asthma, Bronchitis and Catarrh.
*NAME* .....
*ADDRESS* .....
.....
*Send this Coupon in an unsealed envelope for ½d.* J.B., 15/9/28

**DO IT YOURSELF!**

**Page 3 contains a very interesting advertisement. It gives particulars of a wonderful book which will interest you always, and will save you many pounds. Fill in the coupon and send for details NOW.**

**The New Ambron Belted Corselette**

**On Approv. for 1/-**

**A Lovely Creation for Slim Figure Grace & Ideal Supporting Comfort**

High Grade Wear at Limit Bargain Value

Exceptional figure grace and high grade luxury comfort are the features of this beautiful corselette. It combines the advantages of a well cut brassiere and a fashion corset in its perfect modelling, and in addition there is the delightful uphold support of the underbelt to give poise and buoyancy to every movement.

**Send For It And Try On.**

At the price it is a wonderful bargain. Just 1/- deposit brings it to you, and after that, there is only 7/11 left to pay—by instalments if you prefer. Do not hesitate. Order now and have best wear at the very limit of bargain price.

**8/11 Full Price**

The Ambron Belted Corselette is a striking improvement on usual models. It is made in Strips Pink Coutille and fitted with Underbelt having a 7-inch busk of its own. Spiral supports are continuous down back, giving an unbroken line of support, and there are insets of surgical elastic on hips. Adjustable shoulder bands regulate bust height and six suspenders are fitted. The corselette is suitable alike for slim, medium, or full figures

**B.C. BARGAIN COUPON**

Please send me, on approval, a new Ambron Belted Corselette at present bargain price of 8/11. My measurements are :—

BUST (over light underwear) .....

I enclose 1/- deposit with 4d. postage, and will remit balance of 7/11 either in one sum or by weekly instalments of 1/- or more.

State bust measurement and enclose Coupon with name and full address and postal order crossed thus / /.

Sizes range from 30 in. to 46 in. Bust.

JOHN BULL, 15/9/28. No. 409.

Post your order at once to :—

ARMBRUST WILCOX, Ltd., 420, Alton House, 70, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

**PARENTHOOD:**

**DESIGN OR ACCIDENT**

**A Manual of Birth Control**

**By MICHAEL FIELDING**

Preface by **H. G. WELLS** Five Diagrams

"When the adult citizen has gone through these pages he or she will have all the mastery of his or her sexual self that knowledge can give."—From *H. G. Wells' preface.*

Paper 1s. Postage 1d. to 1s. Cloth 2s. 6d.

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*Our Letter Parliament*

# WAKE UP, LITTLE MEN!

## Lock the Gates—Alien Arrivals—Science Gone Mad

DR. ESME WINGFIELD-STRATFORD is right about "Suicide in an Apron" (JOHN BULL, September 1). Thousands of small shopkeepers have been forced out of business during the past decade by the competition of multiple concerns. "Mass production" is, however, the main cause of the trouble. No small shopkeeper can buy or produce as cheaply as concerns with unlimited capital. The future of "big business" in this country seems to lie between combines on the one hand and co-operative societies on the other.—*D. G., Westminster, S.W.*

### Other Ways

To a very large extent the remedy for the private trader's salvation is entirely in his own hands. Instead of treating the large enterprising stores with sullen jealousy, he should as far as practicable emulate their methods. Too long has he made the public have what *he* wants to sell them, and at his own price. Let him try the alternative of supplying his customers with what *they* want and he will be able to snap his fingers at the pirate big man.—*Tradesman, Warminster.*

### Not Wanted

Who wants the small shopkeeper to survive in his present form? He is uneconomic, his distributive methods are primitive, his stock is restricted to best-selling lines, and as an employer of labour he too frequently believes in long hours and short wages. Where the business is conducted on progressive lines the "small" shopkeeper soon becomes a "big" shopkeeper.—*W. L., Wimbledon.*

### The Personal Touch

Whilst the criticisms levelled against the "little man" by Dr. Esme Wingfield-Stratford are justified, the fact remains that many women prefer dealing with "local and little" shopkeepers because of the intimate personal contact which grows up between merchant and buyer. Given a courteous shopkeeper, a clean shop and fair prices, the "little shop" will still remain the Mecca of "little shoppers."—*I. R., Southall.*

### The One Who Trusts

There is one thing to be said for the small tradesman. He gives credit where the big stores do not. What would the poorly paid do if he did not trust them until pay-day? Of course he gets "stung"—not always by them though—and the worst of it is the county court is of little use, and too costly, in helping him to recover what is owing. Unfortunately, however, it accounts for the little more he charges than "the stores."—*H. B., Steyning.*

### Wrong Unity

If certain small traders are wise, they will take to heart Dr. E. Wingfield-Stratford's article, in which he accuses them of combining together to keep up the market price against the consumer. "Unity is strength," we are told, but this kind of unity—conspiring to fleece their customers—forces the housewife to patronise their rivals.—*H. L. G., Wembley Hill.*

### Suicide

The people in a small town in Perthshire can take a cheap return by train to a larger town and do all their marketing. They can spend an hour or two at the pictures, treat themselves to a cup of tea, and then find when they arrive home that they have more money in their possession than they would have had if they had remained at home and done their marketing there. It is time the tradesmen saw that they are pursuing a suicidal policy and reduced the prices of their goods.—*F. G., Aberdeen.*

*Brief-to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published and one guinea for the most original and constructive. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."*

### Safe Crossing

The provision of an electric lock at each public level-crossing would prevent such accidents as happened to the Cambridge express. By fixing a "treadle" at the station in rear and an electric lock at crossing gates a cheap and reliable solution is accomplished. The train passing over a "treadle" at the rear station locks the gates until passing a similar "treadle" opposite such gates, when they are electrically unlocked. After installation, only an occasional renewal of a dry cell is necessary.—*H. P., Mon.*

*[The above letter has been awarded the special prize of one guinea.]*

### Where We Shine!

When I read your "Sunshine Ward" articles my mind goes to the existing conditions in my birthplace, New York City. A working man who contracts, say, appendicitis, must produce from $30 to $80 before the operation, and I know men who have sold their little home to save the life of a dear one. The only alternative is to produce sworn evidence that the patient is a pauper! What a comparison to the loving care given freely in hospitals in this country as against "God's own."—*R. M., Glasgow.*

### Shadows—And Sunshine

Many thanks for putting me at the top of the prize-list with £400 for my "Bullet"—"Shadows—Under Eyes—Over Everything." I have tried "Bullets" for years and when I won 2s. 6d. in May, I was so proud of it! Some years ago I tried to train as a nurse, but ended in being very ill myself, so you see I know what things look like out of eyes which have "shadows" under them. But when I entered my "Bullet" I thought hundreds of competitors would be saying the same thing—it seemed too simple. Now my friends are all going to begin "Bullets."—(*Miss*) *Agnes Paton, Foxhall, Coupar Angus, Perthshire.*

# Printers' Pie

*[Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie."]*

"SOUTH WALES DAILY POST" (Advt.): "To let, Homely Digs for 2 respectable young men, OR SHOP ASSISTANTS; moderate terms."

"BRISTOL TIMES AND ECHO":—"Additional mounted police have been drafted into —— TO KEEP THE CROWS WHICH GATHER DAILY IN ORDER."

"GLASGOW HERALD":—"When the police lifted the side of the motor, Lord —— calmly stepped out with a LIGHTED CAR STILL IN HIS MOUTH."

"NOTTINGHAM GUARDIAN":—"William —— was charged with damaging to the extent of £5 10s. A WIDOW AND THE FRONT DOOR OF A HOUSE AT ——."

"DAILY MIRROR":—"Add the white of the egg beaten TO A STIFF BROTH, and 1 oz. of butter melted."

"GRIMSBY DAILY TELEGRAPH":—"The next clause gives the Council power to prohibit public speeches, etc., OR THE PLAYING OF MUSICAL IMPLEMENTS on any promenade belonging to the Council."

"EDINBURGH EVENING NEWS" (Advt.): "Young woman wants housework THRICE DAILY; mornings or afternoons."

### A Wise Lead

Mr. J. W. Danby, the Chief Constable of Hyde, Cheshire, is taking active steps to establish a school for boys who through misfortune have come into the police court. Through the columns of JOHN BULL we have had a continuous agitation for this kind of treatment for juvenile criminals. Let us all hope that, now the ice has been broken, others will follow.—*J. R., Preston.*

### Red Tape!

The Government is supposed to be making a serious attempt to deal with the problem of lads who are leaving school and unable to find work. Here is one instance of the way in which the problem is being solved. A local boy was fourteen in July, and got work during the holidays. Now his parents have been informed that unless he attends school until the end of the term, legal action will be taken against them. His employer cannot wait for him, so when that lad leaves in September he will be on the streets.—*F. B. W., Durham.*

### Let 'Em All Come!

The appalling figure of unemployment in this country is steadily but surely rising; Mr. Baldwin has circularised 150,000 employers of labour in an effort to relieve the situation; the Government is supporting heavily the emigration stunt as a further puny effort. Yet one gleans from published official figures that during the quarter ending June, 1928, no fewer than 24,000 able-bodied aliens were admitted into the United Kingdom! Please hurry up with that General Election!—*Aghast, Cullercoats.*

### Wake Up, People!

Mr. E. Roffe Thompson's article "Cannibals at their Worst" (JOHN BULL, September 1), is most timely. I am convinced that if the private manufacture of weapons of war could be stopped entirely it would do more to end war than any Peace Pact. While fortunes are being made by private individuals in this way it is in the interests of certain unscrupulous persons to stir up strife between the nations. When are the peoples of the various nations going to put a stop to it?—*T. R., London.*

### Wasted Efforts

The appalling increase in the number of suicides by the use of lysol, as revealed by the Registrar-General's returns for the year 1927, calls for immediate action on the part of the Government. The number of deaths from influenza and cancer also shows an alarming increase. It is time that the world's scientists, backed by Government funds, had discovered the causes and cure of these dread diseases instead of concentrating their efforts on the production of poison gases intended for the destruction of mankind.—*A. S., Streatham.*

### So This Is Peace!

So the Peace Pact is signed at last and war has been outlawed! Splendid! In Dublin to-day Mr. Kellogg arrived with Mr. President Cosgrave, straight from the signing. Only a handful of people turned out to welcome them. There was Mr. Kellogg—not a smile, bored stiff—his car preceded and followed by armed cavalry, the streets lined with soldiers of the Irish Free State Army. But if I read the expression of Mr. Kellogg's face aright, the sight of those rifles and fixed bayonets along each side of the street sickened him to the very soul. And well it might!—*Visitor to Dublin.*

*Write to-day for this splendid Gramophone Outfit.*

*Fullest Approval in your own home*

**5/- WITH ORDER**

**WORLD'S FINEST VALUE.**

HERE is the most wonderful Gramophone offer ever made—a magnificent and fully warranted Hornless Gramophone and 10 double-sided 10-inch Records for 5/- with order.

This instrument is unsurpassed for quality of tone and smooth and even running. It reproduces with amazing fidelity and charm all classes of needle records, and can be relied upon for excellent performance and sterling value. The Ten Records included in the Outfit are all exceptionally brilliant popular selections.

THE GRAMOPHONE is of perfect construction throughout, with lovely polished Oak Cabinet, as illustrated. Fitted with powerful motor with reliable worm gear drive which ensures smooth running. All fitments are of the highest excellence, including Ball-bearing Tone Arm and the newest improved type of reproducer. Price (with 10 double-sided Records) **£3:10:0**

TERMS: Our Bargain Price is for deferred payments. Send 5/- now and 12 monthly payments of 5/-

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of complete range of Graves Gramophones. The newest ideas in Horn and Hornless machines, including Cabinet and Portable models, all offered at bargain prices on Easy Terms. Catalogue of Needle Records, Post Free.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

Complete with **10** double-sided **10-inch Records**, making 20 Selections.

**GRAVES GRAMOPHONES**

# "JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— . . . . . .

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects. Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LTD., Proprietors of "John Bull."



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RELIEVED QUICKLY

Carter's Little Liver Pills

Purely Vegetable Laxative

move the bowels without pain or unpleasant after-effects. They relieve the system of constipation poisons which often cause a dull and aching head. Remember they are a doctor's prescription and can be given with absolute confidence to every member of the family. All chemists, 1/3 and 2/- phys.

The genuine bear the signature

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS



*11th YEAR — 12,000 SUCCESSES*

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The way to rapid advancement to a well-paid, executive post in any branch of engineering is through the wonderful home-study courses of The Tech.

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# PROVES DANGEROUS RUPTURE CAN BE CONQUERED

## AND OFFERS 7 DAYS' FREE TEST TO ALL SUFFERERS

*From a photograph of Mr. Beasley, who cured himself after 30 years' suffering.*

**If You are Ruptured this Great Offer means New Life to You.**

**This Wonderful Discovery has brought Happiness to thousands who have accepted this Great Test Offer.**

**HERE IS YOUR GREAT OPPORTUNITY.**

*Beasley's have earned the gratitude of thousands of victims of dangerous rupture. Their wonderful invention (which any sufferer can test without obligation) proves that this dreadful weakening trouble can be conquered speedily and surely. Read here how!*

**Be warned in time. Don't neglect even the slightest symptom of rupture. Thousands have found themselves dreadful sufferers by neglecting early symptoms. Here is a great offer which will prove that in the wonderful invention, the Beasley Real Air-Pad Appliance, there is health for all sufferers. They are ready to prove without obligation that they can and will relieve you.**

Wonderful indeed is the good news that comes to-day to every victim of dangerous rupture. Proof positive is now available that the rupture even of long years standing *can* be ended by a simple scientific appliance which every sufferer can prove without any obligation whatsoever.

Rupture, usually starting with slight swelling in the groin, leading on to discomfort and dreadful pain, claims its victims by the thousands. Slight swellings become enlarged protrusions; every effort to move is fraught with danger. Lifting heavy objects, walking or running bring a very serious menace. Beasley's say the danger of rupture can be ended and only ask sufferers to

**PROVE WITHOUT OBLIGATION THIS DEFINITE STATEMENT.**

There is no need for you to wonder what Mr. Beasley's brilliant discovery can do for you. It has brought health to thousands once in the grip of deadly fear of the consequence of rupture, and to-day, says the inventor, you can "prove my scientific home treatment without obligation at all. I will send it you on 7 days' test trial. I cannot do more to help sufferers. My great offer is sent broadcast because I know my invention will not fail even in cases of long standing."

Such a magnificent offer sets the seal of genuineness on Mr. Beasley's discovery. This offer is open to any ruptured man or woman in the world. There is no need to wait and let YOUR RUPTURE GET WORSE. Just post the coupon below; we will do the rest. The worst form of rupture can be conquered, and we are determined to prove it in the most complete, straightforward and simplest way by sending our treatment on test without obligation wherever it is needed.

**DON'T SUFFER LONGER. ACCEPT THIS OFFER NOW.**

You are surely not going to wait until your health and strength are wrecked by this most dangerous trouble. Bear these points in mind.

1. Before this great offer was made to you a host of once ruptured people had voluntarily testified to the quick and really amazing results the Beasley Indictable Air-Pad Appliance has brought about.
2. The Beasley Appliance is absolutely different from any other, and is the only one that can come forward with such a splendid unrestricted offer to sufferers.
3. It is an appliance that the world's greatest medical authority "The Lancet" has praised.
4. You are under no obligation in sending the coupon here to learn of the trial test offer. The only thing that stands between you and health is a 1d. stamp. You surely will post the coupon to-day.

**TAKE THE FIRST STEP TO SECURE THE COMFORT YOU COVET.**

Particularly beneficial, workers will find, is the fact that the Beasley Appliance can be adopted without interference with the daily routine. As you wear the light perfect-fitting Appliance with its anatomically correct pad you gain a wonderful renewal of vigour and vitality, and you feel the buoyancy of youth that you have long missed (*vide* actual testimonials from wearers). And it is within the reach of all.

Ruptured sufferers, here is the coupon which you will fill in. There is no obligation in the matter, but if you want real comfort and security post it now. If you do not want to cut your paper just forward your name and address on a postcard or in a letter, your application will receive immediate personal attention so that you can start ending rupture danger without delay.

## TO THE RUPTURED.

## FREE 7 DAYS' TEST OFFER

The BEASLEY SURGICAL APPLIANCE COMPANY, Dept. 203B, 38, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2.

Send me full particulars telling how I may secure your Appliance for 7 Days' Test without obligation on my part.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

*FREE CONSULTATIONS gladly given at above address or at our Provincial Branches—49, King Street, Manchester; 117, Dale End, Birmingham; 125, Union Street, Stonehouse, Plymouth; and 150, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow.* Qualified Male and Female Fitters always in attendance.

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*NO LIMIT*
for Singles, Doubles or Accumulators.

MOST LIBERAL ODDS — FOOTBALL — COMBINED WITH SECURITY

LISTS ON APPLICATION. — "DUGGIE NEVER OWES."

*Write To-day—Don't Delay.*

5, DRURY STREET, GLASGOW.



**Safety First!**

"—Safe as the Bank"—John Bull 24 March 1928

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SEND AT ONCE for the most up-to-date and novel

NOTHING BARRED
NOTHING STARRED


*Elusive*

# DOUBLE LONG-SHOTS

## *Ces. and Cambs. Selections*

THE "Leger" will be over by the time this copy of JOHN BULL reaches many homes, but I have nothing much to add to last week's notes, and my 1, 2, 3 stand as before:

**Cyclonic**
**Flamingo**
**Fairway**

NOW that Mr. Dawkins has obliged with the weights for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, we can get down in earnest to the elusive double. The acceptance for both races, which is pending, is not likely to rule out any of the fancied candidates. I cannot see any cases of harsh treatment.

I SUGGESTED Brown Jack and Arctic Star for the long-distance event, prior to the weights, and I am quite satisfied with their burdens. On the last occasion they met—in the Ascot Stakes—Brown Jack, receiving 1 lb., proved that he was one of the "finds" of the season. He won very easily with the "Star" ninth. But as I read the race, Tabor's four-year-old, owing to a bad position in the first mile, had too much leeway to make up.

IN the Goodwood Stakes—2 miles 3 furlongs—he came into his own once more. Brown Jack now gives 3 lbs., and, in my opinion, it is a toss up between them, but, of course, there are others. Among the light-weights, Steel-Point—6.12—stands out with a great chance. I reckon this five-year-old son of Spearmint one of the most improved horses in training, and at 33 to 1 he is a very nice each-way wager.

*W. C. Earl, trainer of Trelawny*

THE Cambridgeshire is a pretty puzzle, but I like Mara—7.8—and Trelawny—7.2—as well as anything. Mr. Solly Joel has won this race three times, and if he is to capture the event again his light-weight looks a much better proposition than Fohanaun.

SO far the only information I have received for the Houghton race is for Polly Flinders II., and on the strength of it I feel justified in including the French filly. She is a daughter of the famous sire, Teddy, and has won races over the Cambridgeshire distance across the water. Mr. Dawkins has allotted her 7.9, which is a feather-weight compared to her treatment from other handicappers. For those who are after a small fortune for next to nothing, I suggest each-way doubles and my selections to be mixed as follows:

| CESAREWITCH | CAMBRIDGESHIRE |
|---|---|
| **Arctic Star** | **Trelawny** |
| **Brown Jack** | **Mara** |
| **Steel-Point** | **Polly Flinders II** |

I PATTED myself on the back for giving JOHN BULL readers the first nursery winner of the season, Lady Clare filly. Wootton's youngster was not tipped by any other writer and she was a rare "springer" in the market, rattling down from 10 to 1 to a 3 to 1 favourite. She popped up at Folkestone and will score again. Talawa, the Elvaston Nursery winner, may run up a sequence. He was bottom-weight in the Derby event and won as if a penalty would not have stopped him.

FRIDAY'S big event, the Doncaster Cup, has cut up badly. I think Pons Asinorum should come out best in the small field, and I give Niantic, who is just finding her form, a big chance in the Town Moor Handicap. Inscrutable, Treasurer and Dulker should score at A.P.

SEPTEMBER 21 to September 29 is National Dog Week. Each greyhound track in the country which is licensed by the National Greyhound Racing Club is giving an extra meeting, the proceeds of which are being given to the National Dog Week Fund for the Royal Veterinary College.

"SILVER RING."

---

TWO coded selections will be given daily in *The Sporting Life*.

2 S N A N J D Z I E 3 L F W

U R O B Q C H Y M K G V T P

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in *The Sporting Life* read those above or below the line, as the case may be. FSKVBPOZ would read TRELAWNY.

The code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, September 12, to Tuesday, September 18.

In addition to "Silver Ring's" code tips, *The Sporting Life* publishes two selections daily sent out by the racing experts of *The Sporting Life Weekly Edition*. Don't miss them.

---

# "Soccer" Selections

**WEEK-END COUPS**

6. HOME.—Arsenal, Derby, Chelsea, Doncaster, Brighton, Motherwell.
5 HOME.—Everton, Chelsea, Millwall, Brighton, Clyde
4 HOME.—Arsenal, Everton, Wolverhampton, Motherwell.
3 AWAY.—Liverpool, West Bromwich, Celtic.
3 DRAWS.—Leicester v. West Ham, Notts County v. Tottenham, Third Lanark v. St. Johnstone.
3 HOME, 2 AWAY.—Arsenal, Chelsea, Brighton, West Bromwich, Swindon.
1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—Huddersfield, Celtic, Notts County v. Tottenham.
SPECIAL 5 HOME (LEAGUE I. AND II.).—Arsenal, Blackburn, Everton, Sunderland, Chelsea.

**FORECASTS FOR SEPTEMBER 22.**

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION I.
HOME WINNERS.—Birmingham, Bolton, Cardiff, Liverpool, Manchester C., Newcastle, West Ham.
AWAY WINNERS.—Aston Villa, Sunderland.
DRAWS.—Huddersfield v. Everton, Sheffield W. v. Sheffield U.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION II.
HOME WINNERS.—Barnsley, Hull, Middlesbrough, Notts Forest, Preston, Reading, Stoke, West Bromwich.
AWAY WINNER.—Chelsea.
DRAWS.—Clapton v. Bradford, Tottenham v. Millwall.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III. (NORTHERN).
HOME WINNERS.—Accrington, Bradford C., Carlisle, Chesterfield, Hartlepools, Lincoln, New Brighton, Southport.
AWAY WINNERS.—Doncaster, South Shields.
DRAW.—Rochdale v. Darlington.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III. (SOUTHERN).
HOME WINNERS.—Brentford, Coventry, Fulham, Gillingham, Luton, Northampton, Plymouth, Swindon, Torquay.
AWAY WINNERS.—Brighton.
DRAW.—Charlton v. Exeter.

THE SCOTTISH LEAGUE.
HOME WINNERS.—Celtic, Cowdenbeath, Falkirk, Partick, Glasgow Rangers.
AWAY WINNERS.—Hearts, Motherwell.
DRAWS.—Aberdeen v. Clyde, Hamilton v. Ayr, Kilmarnock v. Third Lanark.


**WONDERFUL WIRELESS OFFER**

The Genuine "Victoria" 2-Valve Wireless Set in the World's greatest assortment of Wireless Valves & Batteries. Every requisite is included, no extras are required, and full detailed instructions are sent with every set.

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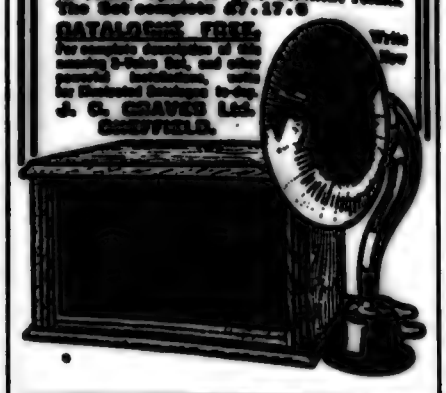
TEST IT AT HOME

Our Bankruptcy Bargain Price is for Battered Pessimists, Bald 16/6 ones, and complete, pay-as-you-go terms of 1/6 monthly payments of 12/6 if you are satisfied after trying the set in your own home. Money back if in any way disappointed.

DRURY CONSIDERATION. Cabinet of polished oak and mirror fitted, beautifully finished with hinged lid, Ebonite Dull Emitter Valves, anti-microphonic valve-holders, H.T. Battery, 2-Volt Accumulator, Tuning Coils of exceptional accuracy, and complete Aerial Outfit. Loud Speaker specially constructed to co-operate with the Set, and Coil-primed to match the Cabinet in both reception and reproduction it may be relied upon to give excellent results. The Set complete £7.17.6

CATALOGUE FREE. For complete description of this amazing 2-Valve Set, and other generous inducements, write to Wireless Business Dept. J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.



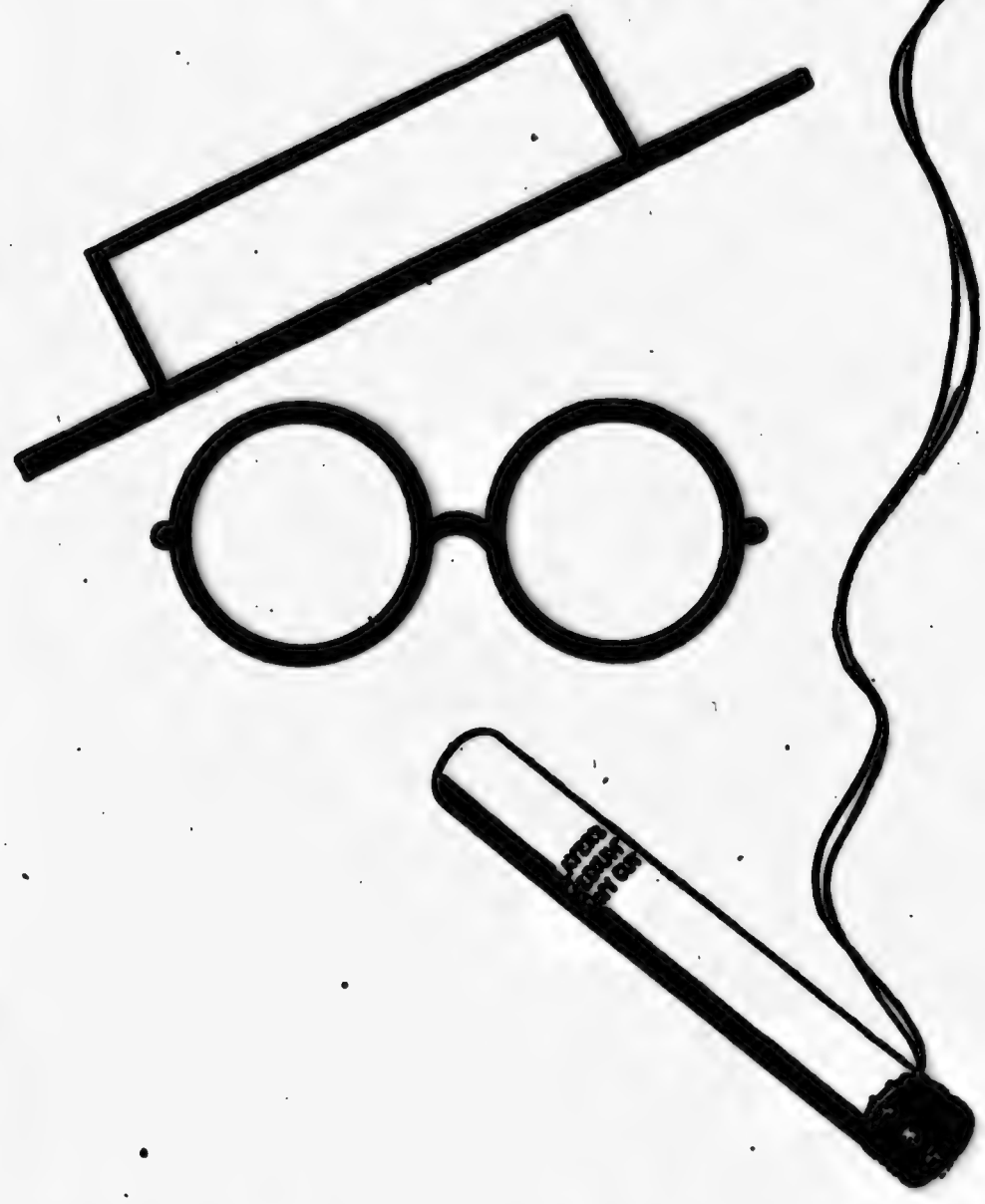
Write now

**19/- NOW** and a Grand

Free Listening want spring and on will not be had elsewhere. Any Horn or Hornless Model with as many Records as on like sent on 5 DAYS' APPROVAL. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Write for Free Lists.

COVENTRY

# Pleasing Player's



Player's Please

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

N.C.C.320

## A first payment of 14/- brings a new and never ending interest into your home

*7 days' free trial, carriage paid and transit risks taken.*

Here are the various cash and easy payment prices for Riley's "Home" Billiard Tables.

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 4 ft. 4 in. x 2 ft. 4 in. | .. | .. | .. | .. | £22 | 10 | 0 |
| 5 ft. 4 in. x 2 ft. 10 in. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 25 | 0 | 0 |
| 6 ft. 4 in. x 3 ft. 4 in. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 27 | 10 | 0 |
| 7 ft. 4 in. x 3 ft. 10 in. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 30 | 0 | 0 |
| 8 ft. 4 in. x 4 ft. 4 in. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 35 | 0 | 0 |

or in 10 monthly payments of 2/6, 2/9, 3/-, 3/6, 4/-, 4/6, 5/-, 5/6, 6/-, 6/6.

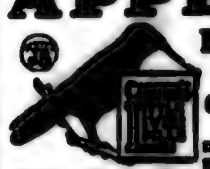
....A 6 ft. RILEY "HOME" BILLIARD TABLE to rest on your dining table. Test one for 7 days, you will most certainly want to keep it. The balance of the price can be paid in easy monthly instalments. Riley's Billiard and Dining Tables can also be had on easy payment terms. Write to-day for art list which shows various attractive designs in Oak or Mahogany. The cash prices range from £22 10s. 0d. Rileys are also the largest makers of full-size Billiard Tables in Great Britain. Testimonials sent free. Write to-day for free art list.

**E. J. RILEY, LTD.,** Anson Works, ACCRINGTON. and at Dept. 6, 147, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1.

**FREE BILLIARD TABLES** 32 Given away. Write for details and Price List.

Riley's "Home" Billiard Table resting on ordinary dining table

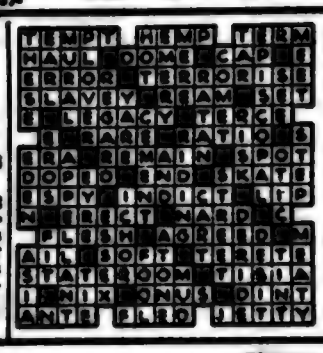
## APPETITE



IMPROVED QUICKLY

Carter's Little Liver Pills Purely Vegetable Laxative move the bowels without pain or unpleasant after-effects. They relieve the system of constipation poisons which dull the desire for food. Remember that they are a doctor's prescription and can be given to every member of the family. All chemists, 1/3 & 3/-.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS**



*Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle in our last issue.*

*This week's Puzzle is on page 38.*

## TEST THIS BLADE

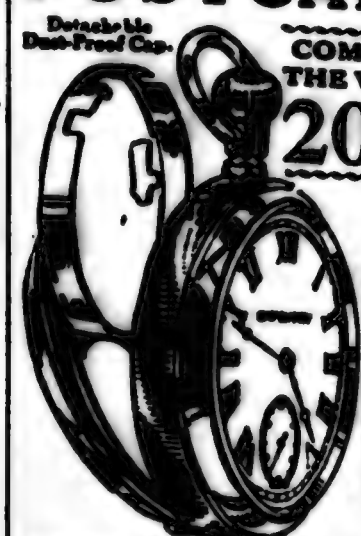
SHARPENER FREE

The "ARL" Sharpener is the quickest and best method known for putting a keen edge on any make of razor blade, and is so easy to use as striking a match. We will send one to every shaver ON 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. If you are satisfied with results, remit the small cost of 2/6. Cut this out and send with 2d. only (for postage and packing) to—

THE VERITE MFG. CO. (Dept. 18), 1 & 2, Bothwell Street, Glasgow.

## The NEW "DAVENTE WONDER WATC YOURS for POSTCAR

Detachable Dust-Proof Cap.



COMPA THE VA 20/

READ OUR BRIEF DESCRIPT Heavy Silver finish, dust and damp case, deeply milled edges, double turned hinged back, hinged inner case removable dust-cap, as illustration. grade Keyless, non-magnetic compe lever movement, jewelled balance; affected by heat, cold, electricity o magnetism. Accurately timed and thor tested. Dial of best enamel, bold, even figures. Finest pen steel hand seconds hand. Crystal bevelled Fully warranted. Sent on free ap balance payable 2/- after receipt a weekly until 20/- only is paid.

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# Certain earnings that mean Sunshine all the year round

## Sunbeams from our Post

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*"I find the Imperia Knitter very simple and easy to work and it knits so beautifully you have no trouble to sell your work."*

*"I would like to inform you how proud I am to own an Imperia Knitting Machine which has turned many a dull evening into a pleasure and money which has enabled me to go for a summer holiday by the sea for the first time. So all my thanks to the Imperia Knitter."*

*"The Imperial Knitter is a real boon to all who wish to increase their income."*

*"Since having an Imperia Knitter I have earned on an average £2 a week on private orders made during the evening."*

*"An Imperia Knitter in the home means never to be short of money. It brightens the working man's home and is a way to independence."*

Hours spent in the certain knowledge that you are adding to your own comfort and security are never dull. That is why you should know all about the IMPERIA KNITTER and our plan that helps you to earn pounds every week by making knitted jumpers, socks, scarves, underwear, etc., of wool, silk or artificial silk. To know about the IMPERIA KNITTER is a revelation of a host of opportunities to satisfy your dearest wishes.

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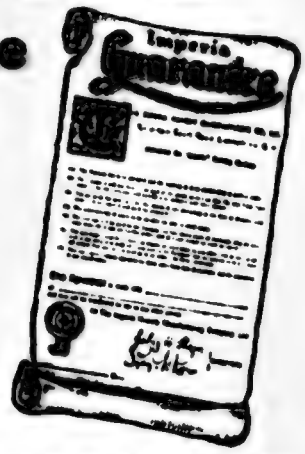


The IMPERIA GUARANTEE to buy your work removes all doubts about disposing of your work profitably and enables you to start earning at once. The usual sequel is for the quality of IMPERIA work to bring plenty of orders to keep you busy earning more and more, all the time you can devote to it. Our Big Free Coloured Illustrated Book explains everything and tells you some of the interesting successes that others have had as a result of devoting a part or the whole of their time to this easy work.

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**MAGNIFICENT AND EXTENSIVE NEW SHOWROOMS** shortly opening at **248, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD,** near Oxford St., London, W. Watch for further announcement, meantime call at the address below or post the Coupon for **BIG FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK.**

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Please send me FREE and without any obligation your ILLUSTRATED BOOK giving full particulars of the Imperia Knitter Home-work Scheme and your Work-Buying Guarantee.

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JUN

# JOHN BULL Replies

*WHATEVER your circumstances in life, occasions will arise when you need the help of sane advice. The best way of obtaining this is to send particulars of your trouble, with stamped, addressed envelope, to JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service. Skilled experts will tell you how to proceed, and you can be sure that it will be along the right lines.*

* * * * * *

*THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.*

P. R. (Grantham).—"What does your artist like to draw best?" His salary.

MRS. J. E. (Heaton).—"Why do cows give milk day by day?" Habit.

AGATHA (Woodford).—"I can laugh at myself." It doesn't take much to amuse you.

T. W. (Glasgow).—"I am always looking for some work to do." And afterwards for somebody to do it?

A. W. A. (Southsea).—"My hen laid three eggs in one day." Report her to the trade union.

B. R. J. (S. Shields).—"Plus-fours should be confined to scarecrows." They generally are.

R. L. (Oxshott).—"Everybody should sleep eight hours on end." The usual position is good enough for us.

W. K. (Uckfield).—"How is the name 'Beauchamp' generally pronounced?" Incorrectly.

T. L. (Ayr).—"I expect I shall get forty shillings or ten days." Take the forty shillings.

N. G. (Chiswick).—"I took the 'bus home." How did you manage to keep it in the house?

A. D. (Southwell).—"How am I likely to get on when I appear at the police-court next week?" Fine!

K. N. R. (Horsley).—"It is only fools who are certain of anything." Are you certain?

L. N. (Oxford).—"I lost £2,000 at gambling in one month." Curse the dominoes!

H. N. G. (Ackworth).—"The Great War was fought for dear life." And we've got it.

L. O. (Peterborough).—"Eat calories and proteids." But which is the one with knobs on?

DISGUSTED (Dorchester).—"It's all pay—pay—pay." That's three instalments off your mind, anyway.

REGINALD (Cobham).—"It was a wretched band." Couldn't it keep time with your dancing?

W. V. (Plymouth).—"I asked her to be mine and she said 'No!'" But that doesn't necessarily mean she won't marry you.

M. C. G. (Bristol).—"The next war will be a wireless one." The other night we really thought it had started.

P. T. (Hereford).—"Do you think I ought to put more fire into my poems?" No, you ought to put your poems into the fire.

B. J. (Eccles).—"Every morning my wife complains that I am too long in my bath." Can't you get your landlord to put you in a bigger one?

M. C. (Harperley).—"Though I am a heavy-weight boxer, no man has done what I intend to do." Good gracious! Are you really going to fight?

F. H. G. (Walthamstow).—"How is Ypres really sounded?" Incorrectly.

W. F. A. (Warrington).—"The tin industry is looking up." Poor sardines!

N. C. (Uxbridge).—"I've been taken in." Don't be put out.

V. N. (Bexhill).—"What is the latest thing in man's clothes?" Woman.

B. T. (Norwich).—"What is more irksome than marking time?" Doing it.

M. K. (Hanley).—"I carried the letter from here to London." Can't you trust the Post Office?

B. H. (Workington).—"I could tell you exactly what to do." And we could tell you exactly where to go.

S. T. (Withernsea).—"I tell you things here are ripening for a quarrel." Our advice is not to pick it, but let it drop.

B. T. A. (Margate).—"After all, there's no fun like work." Pity more people aren't able to see the joke.

MAISIE (Pontefract).—"Some girl singers are quite well off." Much better off than on in fact.

L. G. (Dorchester).—"And I am going to give away the bride." Not too much, we hope.

J. K. (Willenhall).—"One can't quarrel if the other won't." But one can make the silence darned uncomfortable.

MRS. E. (Winchester).—"Nobody knows what I suffer." Won't they listen?

L. B. (Chilworth).—"My wife has never done anything to save others from suffering." She married you, didn't she?

C. S. (Acton).—"My father says we are descended from apes." Why worry us with your private family affairs?

R. M. (Hailsham).—"Of two evils choose the lesser." It's much better to dodge both.

T. P. (Epsom).—"If you will lend me a fiver, I shall be indebted to you for ever." That's what we're afraid of.

C. C. (Poplar).—"The eggs I sent you came straight from the country." Which country?

DIANA (Mayfair).—"I'm going to Paris for some hats." Why did you leave them there?

N. F. (Brecon).—"Some of our roads are in a very bad condition." The local authorities should mend their ways.

P. H. (Chester).—"He doesn't use his head." Then how does he keep his ears apart?

J. H. (Hunstanton).—"Are you the same man as the one who answered my letter last year?" After reading it, we were never the same man again.

A. N. H. (London, N.).—"Banknotes should be printed on fireproof paper." But what's the use? Even if you could take your money with you there would be nowhere to spend it.

MRS. L. (Havant).—"I have no troubles to speak of." You *must* be miserable.

C. T. (London, S.).—"He toed the mark." Were you the mark?

A. E. (Sheffield).—"Where was the first potato planted?" In the ground.

T. S. (Roby).—"I know myself." Accept our sympathy.

C. B. (Victoria).—"Whisky is no good for sea-sickness." Port is.

J. B. R. (Oldham).—"I am tired of writing letters to you." But we got tired of it first.

GERTIE (Hampstead).—"I enclose a very clear snapshot of myself." It *is* plain.

A. Y. (Aberdeen).—"I was married at home." We see the idea. The hens got the rice.

T. S. (Baldock).—"The railway carriage was so crowded that I had to stand." So you travelled by train on foot.

E. D. (Banff).—"What is gravity?" The stuff that stops apples from going to heaven.

MRS. R. (Colchester).—"What do you do when it thunders and lightnings?" We let it!

J. J. (Bolton).—"These heat spells cause a lot of ill-temper." The less drizzle the more grizzle.

POLLY (Hinckley).—"Have you forgotten I wrote to you last month?" No; but give us time and we will.

MRS. P. (Hammersmith).—"When my husband came to see you did he show a bill?" No; just an ordinary nose.

T. A. T. (Bentham).—"I insist on my wife baking her own bread." We hope she insists on you raising the dough.

B. D. (Brandon).—"What's in a name?" Call us one we don't like and we'll show you.

JANE (Racup).—"How can genius in a man be detected?" By his marrying an heiress when he's penniless.

H. N. (Peterborough).—"This poem was fused in the crucible of my heart." We must regretfully refuse it.

T. L. A. (Keswick).—"Can you tell me where the phrase 'Treat 'em rough' originated?" In a steam laundry.

C. C. (Highbury).—"I know I'm an idiot." You would be jolly mad if we agreed with you, though!

S. L. (Leeds).—"What does N.B.G. mean?" An offer of cocoa to a thirsty navvy.

F. H. (Ingleton).—"He shouted 'Hands up, or I'll blow your brains out!'" And did he?

G. L. (Victoria).—"It costs more to get a divorce than to get married." It's generally worth more.

C. S. (Leeds).—"Have you met the Big Four at Scotland Yard?" No: but may we introduce you to the Big Twenty-three on page 39?

JUDY (Golders Green).—"There was something about me in the papers last week." We saw they mentioned that 11,000,000 persons had travelled by Tube.

C. L. (Rugby).—"If a girl never laughs when I tell her a funny story ought I to deduce a morose disposition?" Oh, no, merely that she hasn't pretty teeth.

T. T. (Acton).—"I always think the girls in your office are laughing at me." Don't worry; they laugh at the most stupid things.

F. A. (Plymouth).—"Soup of all kinds is very nourishing." So we've heard.

C. T. (Sevenoaks).—"Will you print a brief reply to this?" Yes.

L. T. (Matlock).—"When will my dreams come true?" When you wake up.

T. E. (Gravesend).—"A husband appreciates a den to himself." Some, however, growl all over the house.

C. A. (York).—"Some young people are not polite to their elders." They are alike in many disrespects.

L. P. (Edgware).—"I am writing this letter with a soft pencil." Very appropriate for you.

P. C. (Southend).—"The lemonade seemed to have a peculiar flavour." Perhaps it was actually made of lemons.

N. P. (Leicester).—"How old are you? Are you married? Where do you live?" Is your name Nosy Parker?

K. K. (Edinburgh).—"I've been waiting a month for your answer to my letter." If everybody was as patient an editor's life would be more worth living.

W. G. (Exmouth).—"Men who ride motor-bikes should be medically examined." They generally are, sooner or later.

MRS. L. (Bathgate).—"I always tell my children they have a guardian angel to watch over them." They must think you very conceited.

*(Many replies unavoidably held over.)*


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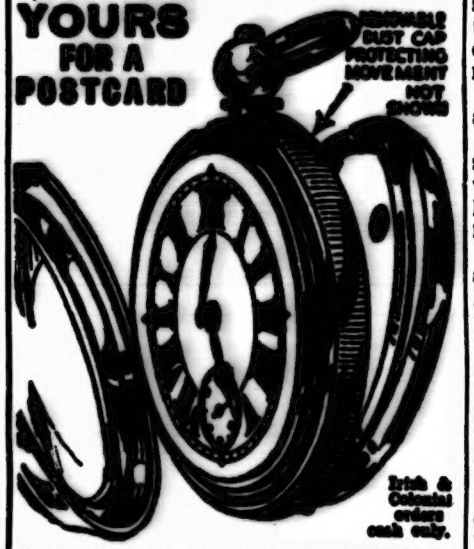


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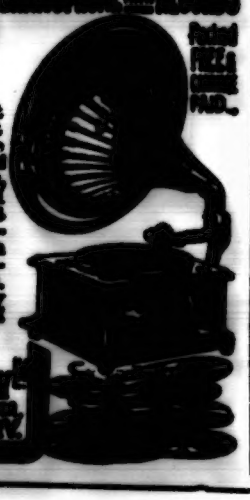

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*"The Greatest of These . . . ."*

# HOPPING

## *The* Poor Man's *Holiday*

TRAVELLING through Kent at this time of the year one is struck by the beauty of the hop-fields. Here are countless poor London families working with all their might and main in order to secure their annual change of air—picking up health whilst industriously picking hops.

And where does "The Greatest of These . . ." Fund come in?

Many of these brown-skinned, healthy-looking men, women and children would still be cooped up in their overcrowded London dwelling-places had not the fund enabled them to get away to the hop-fields.

"I am writing to ask you whether you would be so kind as to stretch out a helping hand," wrote an unemployed ex-Service man, "to enable me to send my wife and child—both very delicate—to the hop-fields for a month. . . .

"I am asking nothing for myself, but simply that the wife and child may have the means to go, as the change, after being cramped up in one room all the year, will make all the difference to them."

Their doctor also advised this change of air, and the fund enabled them to take it.

Another ex-Service man had a hard struggle to keep his home together on a weekly income of 27s., out of which he had to pay a rent of 10s. a week, and feed and clothe eight children.

But for the fund he could not have accepted the job offered him in the Kent hop-fields, as he had not the means to pay the fares for himself and family, and get their clothes out of pawn.

His doctor describes him as "a hard-working man." As he was severely injured last February, and is still feeling the effects, we hope his work in the hop-fields will set him up again.

Picture to yourself what it means for such families to have the relief of earning money whilst they are enjoying a change of air and surroundings, and do what you can to help "The Greatest of These . . ." Fund to help these people to help themselves in this helpful way.

"Till each man find his own in all men's good,
And all men work in noble brotherhood."

## "The Greatest of These—"

*Registered under the War Charities Act as the* JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to* The Hon. Secretary, 63, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

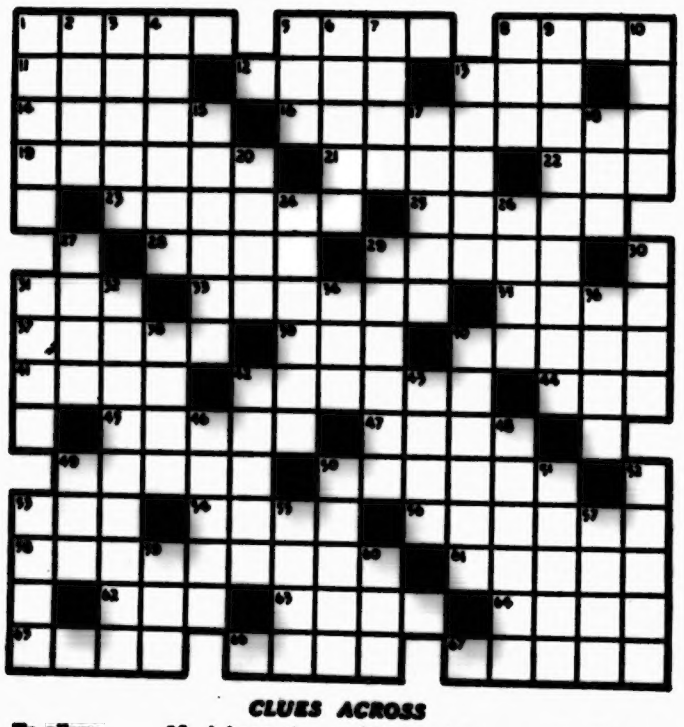
"Inasmuch" (Abercrave), 1s.; Mrs. C. A. Slack (Macclesfield), 2s. 6d.; C. Clock, 2s. 6d.; "Just Doris" (Accrington), 1s.; "Little Reggie's Pennies" (Swindon), 2s.; "Tennisite" (Bristol), 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Glasgow), 1s.; "Thankful" (Birkenhead), 4s.; "A Labourer," 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Manchester), 1s. 6d.; R. G. R., 10s.; F. O. Barker (Manchester), 5s.; "3514," 2s. 6d.; "Poor Mary" (Bedford), 6d.; "With Love" (Leeds), 1s.; Miss J. Herbert (Luton), 2s.; A. J., 6d.; Anon. (Kirkcaldy), 2s.; "No. 38" (Huddersfield), 2s. 6d.; M. Harris (Liphook), 2s.; "A Well-wisher" (Darlington), 6d.; B. J. (Swinton, Manchester), 5s.; Anon. (Canterbury), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. H. Clark (Walsall), 7s. 6d.; "Regular Reader" (Windsor), 2s.; L. G. Eldridge (Putney), 10s.; P. Richardson (Sheffield), 1s.; Mrs. I. Michie (Edinburgh), 5s.; E. and A. Fuller (Sevenoaks), 2s. 6d.; Mr. J. Innes (Gisborne), £1; "Blacksmith" (Dorton), 2s.; "Mary," 5s.; Appre., 5s.; J. P. (Gloucester), 2s. 6d.; W. E. Lawrence (Margate), 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Preston), 2s. 6d.; L. Statter-field (Pinkie), 5s.; "Ninth" (Tilbury), 2s.; Anon. (Nottingham), 2s. 6d.; "S." (Manchester), 1s.; "Unwiral," 6d.; "Bulldeer," 1s.; Minnie Lion Mead, 6d.; W. S., 6d.; "Egyptian Warrior," 5s.; Anon., 6d.; E. A. P., 6d.; "Whitsuntide II." (Weston-super-Mare), 6d.; E. Innes Hackwood (Fulham), £2; "Neuf" (Oxford), 6d.; J. E. Leather (Northwich), 2s. 6d.; "One Never Knows" (Grangemouth), £5; M. S., 1s.; Mrs. McFarlin (Falkirk), 10s.

Parcels of clothing are gratefully acknowledged from "Sympathiser" (Bishops Stortford), Mrs. D. Willeman (Selby), "A. J.," Mrs. L. Johnston (Manningtree), M. E. C. (Liverpool), Mrs. C. A. Slack (Macclesfield), M. E. C. (Liverpool), Mrs. E. Colville (Farnborough).

*(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)*

*Our Cross-Word Corner*

## DON'T be *DONE!*



### CLUES ACROSS

1. To allure.
5. Plant used for cord making.
8. An expression.
11. To drag.
12. Cupola.
13. Headgear.
14. Mistake.
16. Overawe.
19. Servant.
21. 20 quires.
22. Acollection.
23. A bequest.
25. Widow's heritage.
28. Scarce.
29. Proportion.
31. An age.
33. Stay.
35. Place.
37. Drugged.
39. Terminal.
40. Kind of fish.
41. To observe.
42. To charge.
44. An edge.
45. Build.
47. Aromatic plant.
49. Animal food.
50. Assented to.
53. To be ill.
54. Malleable.
56. Cylindrical.
58. First-class cabin.
61. Shinbone.
62. Slang for "nothing."
63. Responsibility.
64. Force.
65. Before.
66. Ran away.
67. Pier.

*The solution of our last week's Puzzle will be found on p. 36.*

### CLUES DOWN

1. Not these.
2. Nobleman.
3. Pertaining to walls.
4. Wading bird.
5. Very warm.
6. Hard mineral.
7. Alone.
8. By-product of coal.
9. Vented in Bishops.
10. Come together.
13. Heavenly body.
15. To pay attention to.
17. A cane.
18. Bishop's seat.
20. Ready.
24. To join firmly.
26. Chance.
27. God of love.
29. Being borne.
30. A pace.
31. Paradise.
32. Party to a suit.
34. Conjunction.
36. Relating to the ear.
38. Judicial circuit.
40. Thoroughfare.
42. Watery matter.
43. Vehicle.
46. English county.
48. To mock.
49. Healthy.
50. Repent.
51. Something due.
52. Fishy.
53. A continent.
55. Idiot.
57. Shade.
59. Fusion.
60. Wet earth.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You have only one week to enter, so now is the time to begin making *Bullets*. You have merely to select one of the *Examples* below and add any TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS with some bearing upon it. Thus, to the *Example* AT LIFE'S CROSS-ROADS the added words, CONSCIENCE IS THE "SIGNPOST" would form a *Bullet*. There is time to win and none to lose and you can win—if you try!

### "BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the Judges in connection with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be combined.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

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QUITE CONTENTIONAL
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FILM QUEEN
A HOLLOW FRAUD
NOT ENOUGH
"GOAL!"
FADING AWAY
OUR ONLY HOPE
NOT TOO COLD
ENOUGH SAID
I CAN'T
LIKE A BIRD
WHEN MILLIONAIRE DIES
SHOOTING THE ODDS
[illegible]
EXCEEDING THE SPEED LIMIT
CLEARANCES
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CAUGHT RED-HANDED
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